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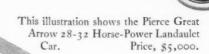


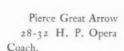
il 27, 1905.





This illustration shows the Pierce Great Arrow 28-32 Horse-Power Suburban Car. Price, \$5,000.







Body by Quinby & Co. Price, \$5,000.

The Pierce Closed Car

has settled the question of the adaptability of a gasoline car to social usage as well as to ordinary touring. These three cars shown here represent

American Cars for American Conditions and American Temperaments

The American people do not to-day recognize any car, American or foreign, superior to the Pierce car. This is the result of six years of intelligent, consistent American car-building.

THE GEORGE N. PIERCE COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y. Manufacturers of Pierce Cycles.

Manufacturers of Pierce Cycles.

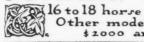
Members of Association of Licensed Automobile Mfrs.

\$1000 in Prizes

The George N. Pierce Company is offering prizes for designs for bodies for open and closed cars and for color schemes adaptable to the cars they are now building. Three first prizes and three second prizes, aggregating one thousand dollars. Competition open to any one. Closes June 1st. Men of prominence will act as judges. Full particulars and specifications sent on request, free.

ER 1175.





16 to 18 horse power, \$1350 Other modely \$750, \$850, \$2000 and \$3000

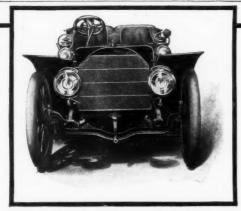


are of operation and the low cort of maintenance are its most attractive features. No automobile is stronger; none has fewer and simpler work

ing parts. The control is by one lever and ped-als. Ignition is automatic. It is pre-eminently the machine for the beginner, and one that the veteran goes back to with satisfaction, after experiments with other makes.

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin. Branches, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia. New York Agency, 134 West Thirty eighth Street. Representatives in all other leading cities.

THOMAS B. JEFFERY & COMPANY.



HAVE YOU TRIED THE AMERICAN MERCEDES?

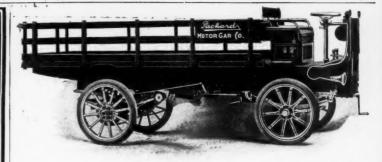
In no other American car can the acme of motoring luxury be found. It is the Mercedes built under license in America, and built largely from imported materials. has every quality—flexibility of control, silence, responsiveness, luxurious spring equipment, and speed—that has helped to make the Mercedes the most famous car in the world.

Price \$7,500—the Paris price of the Mercedes

DAIMLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

953 Steinway Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.

New York City Garage, 10 West 60th Street



In presenting the Packard Gasoline Motor Truck we offer a vehicle for commercial purposes the design of which is

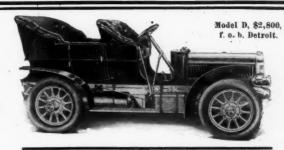
based upon experiments extending over a period of two years with different constructions of business wagons.

This particular type of car has seen almost every kind of commercial service during all of an exceptionally severe winter, and is now offered in full confidence that it is worthy to bear the Packard name into new fields.

Normal load capacity, 1½ tons. Speed range, 1 to 15 miles per hour. Price of chassis complete ready for body, \$2,500 f. o. b. factory. Body designs and quotations submitted upon application. Record of tests in different lines of business sent on request,

Packard Motor Car Company. Detroit, Mich.

Dept. G New York Branch, 1540 Broadway



Cadillac Control.

Driving an ordinary pin into a post with a mammoth 30 horse-power automobile, by repeatedly approaching and gently touching the head, is the latest achievement illustrating the unusual sen-

sitiveness of the motor connections and brake device of the

wonderful

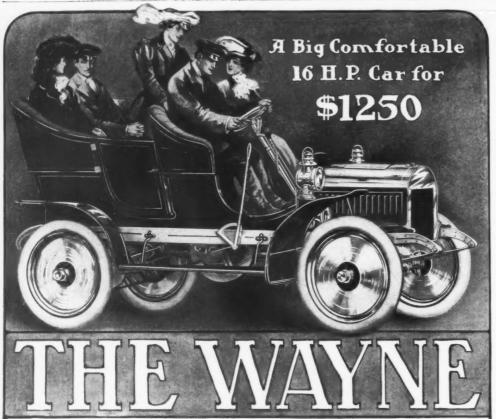
This perfect control

results from mechanism so simple, so durable, so manifestly common-sense, as to make the Cadillac almost trouble proof. Because

of this excellence of construction, a Cadillac may be maintained at but a fraction of the expense required by other cars-a feature, which, combined with never-failing serviceableness, makes it the most satisfactory automobile in America.

Model D-4-Cylinder, 30 h. p. Touring Car, \$2,800.
Model F-Side-Entrance Touring Car, \$950.
Model B-Touring Car, detachable tonneau, \$900.
Model E-Light, powerful Runabout, \$750.
All prices f. o. b. Defroit.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., Detroit, Mich.

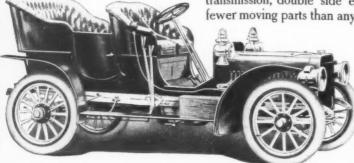


Model C (shown above) has a 90-inch wheel base, and long, easy riding, half elliptic springs. This insures comfort. Weight is only 1600 lbs., and the double-opposed cylinders are 5x5. This insures power. The motor and fly-wheel are hung under the chassis frame making the center of gravity low, thus preventing skidding, and lengthening the life of the tires. This insures economy.

A year ago you couldn't buy the equal of Model "C" under \$2,000. It's the biggest value on the market today at \$1,250.

Model B is a few at the life of the tires.

Model B is a four-cylinder (vertical) 24-28 H. P. car, 102-inch wheel base, sliding gear transmission, double side entrance tonneau, has fewer moving parts than any 4-cylinder car made.



Price \$2,000

All cars have standard equipment. Write us for catalogue and records of actual per-formances of WAYNE

Wayne Automobile Co., Detroit, Mich.

HIPPODROME

BLOCK OF SIXTH AVE., 43D TO 44TH ST Management THOMPSON & DUNDY. TWICE DAILY AT 2 AND 8 O'CLOCK.

"A Yankee Circus on Mars" (All New Arenic Performers.)

"The Raiders."

Seats on sale four weeks in advance. Prices 25c. to \$1.00. Box and Loge Seats \$1.50 and \$2.00. 1,500 unreserved seats in the family circle, entrance on Forty-third street, 25c. BOX OFFICE OPENS 9 A. M.



SAVE MONEY on **AUTO SUPPLIES**

We charge ordinary business advance on whole-sale cost—**much less** than the usual "fancy" prices. Your money back if you want it, too. The Whole Barket before you

n our catalogue. Send 10c, fori and order from your easy chair

POST & LESTER CO. 42 Sargeant St., Hartford, Ct Largest Importers of Foreign Made Equipment,

Peccavi!

THE San Francisco Bulletin is on the mourner's bench. It devoted its entire editorial page on April fifth to a confession of sin and to a resolve to lead a better life. Here is the overture:

Time out of memory the theatres have carried advertisements in the newspapers and by virtue of that fact have received certain customary notices of their shows. It is usual for each play to be reviewed on the shows. It is usual for each play to be reviewed on the day after the first performance and during the week pictures of the principal performers are printed with laudatory matter supplied by the piess agents employed by the several theatres. At first most of these free notices were regarded on both sides as courtesies, and the managers returned the compliment by giving the papers free seats and an occasional box. Gradually, however, the parties to this arrangement fell into a way of regarding these courtesies and privi-leges as matters of right to which they were entitled under the advertising bargain. The press agent sent his photographs and puffs into the newspaper office with as little ceremony as if they were advertisements paid for in cash, and the newspaper asked for seats, and now and then boxes, as if the usual price in money accompanied each request,

This arrangement bore hard on the public, for it amounted substantially to a conspiracy for the suppression of honest criticism on bad performances, An editor who occupied a marager's box on a first night was naturally reluctant to print in his paper a review of the play that, however just, would damage the business of the theatre and take money out of the the business of the theatre and take money out of the pockets of the manager whose hospitality the editor had accepted. Moreover, the frequent interchange of free seats and free puffs kept editors and theatrical managers continually under mutual obligations. When a play turned out to be very bad and the company quite incompetent the press agent called on the editor and begged him on behalf of the manager to help the show by softening the critic's article and publishing a few complimentary notices. The plea was invariably that the heatre had been deceived by the syndicate and that it would be cruel to the company and hard on the managers to kill business for the and hard on the managers to kill business for the week. Many a troupe of barnstormers, charging the week. Many a troupe of barnstormers, charging the regular prices for first-class productions, was saved from exposure and consequent insolvency by this appeal to the sympathies of the editors. Perhaps the editors would not have been quite so soft-hearted if the managers had not been so lavish with passes, but it is atleast a human trait to let one's friends down lightly and spare the rod from the backs of broken-down thespians. However, this was the relation between the theatres and the newspapers, and the sin, if sin there be, was common to all the newspapers.

The thrifty managers, finding the newspapers com-plaisant, commenced to speculate on their ability to silence the press. They became less scrupulous of the quality of their bookings and begged oftener for untruthful notices; thus coming gradually to rely rather on puffery than on the merit of performances to bring in the money.

Of course a state of affairs like this never existed in any other city than San Francisco. Oh, no. Nor in any other newspaper office than that of the Bulletin. Certainly not. Especially not in the City of New York. And surely it doesn't exist to-day in any newspaper office in any city in the United States.

In San Francisco, it seems, there is a Theatrical Managers' Association. Also theatres which are firetraps. And the Bulletin unburdens its soul about these things thuswise:

The Theatrical Managers' Association is a local trust organized for the same purposes as the theatrical syndicate in whose machinery it is a wheel. The local managers claim the right to erect firetraps and lure the public into them and at the same time to be held immune against newspaper criticism for their greedy commercialism and atrocious disregard of human life. Any exposure of their disreputable and dishonest methods is to their minds an "unwarranted attack" in the nature of blackmail. These managers claim the right to have their own shows reviewed and praised in

(Continued on second page following.)

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THE

CALIFORNIA VERDICT-



Diamond

Wrapped-Tread CONSTRUCTION

AND NOTHING ELSE WANTED!

San Francisco, Calif., April 18, '05.

Diamond Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

With over 80 machines your wrapped tread tires in use on cars of our customers, we have yet to receive first complaint. Other equipment will not be accepted by customers

Mobile Carriage, Agents.

Pierce Touring Cars,

Wm. L. Harvey, Manager.

The East will profit by the service tests of 1905 constructions, claims and charges made in California months ahead of the season's opening elsewhere.

Get our instruction book, "The Proper Care of Tires."

THE DIAMOND RUBBER CO., Akron, Ohio

Branches in principal cities



"Work while you work, play while you play"-the

OLDSMOBILE

is your best help in both. To the business man it has become a necessity—it doubles the value of time. To the pleasure seeker it has become indispensable—it doubles the joys of existence.

Our cars possess efficiency without complication. Are the most thoroughly tested cars on the market—are held to higher standards of quality.

 Standard Runabout, 7 h. p., \$650
 Touring Car, 20 h. p. (2 cyl.), \$1400

 Touring Runabout, 7 h. p., \$750
 Delivery Car, 16 h. p., \$2000

 Ten Passenger Wagonette, \$2200

All prices f. o. b. factory. Write us for Catalogue J. Sent free.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS

Detroit, U. S. A.

Member of A. L. A. M.



The handsomest, most luxurious, comfortable and efficient automobiles in America or Europe.

Catalogue of Columbia 35-40 and 18 h.p. Gasoline cars will be sent on request; also separate catalogue of Columbia Electric Carriages and Columbia Commercial Vehicles.

ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY
RELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY
NA WEST 38 AT 76 SAAHOPE ST MED HIGHIGAN AVE

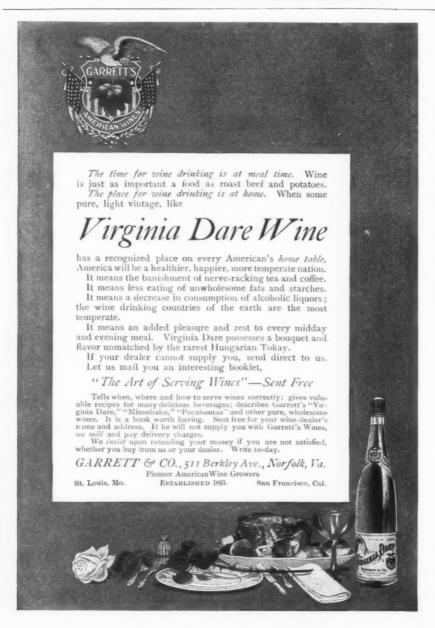


THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pa. dember Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Goodrich Tires-Integral Construction

One Vulcanization. The whole tire built complete with the full amount of rubber on the tread. No patches. No cemented treads. The most powerful construction known to tire builders. Write for descriptive circular.

The B. F. Goodrich Co., Dept. 18 E, Akron, O.



Peccavi !- Continued.

the newspapers by their own hired men. Other papers may continue to print idiotic puffs of worthless performances. Other papers may continue to call each successive cheap company, in the language of the press agent, the greatest aggregation of stars that ever dazzled the Pacific Coast. Other papers may conceal the fact that no principal player, man or woman, that comes to San Francisco brings the support that helped to make the play a success on Broadway. But the Bulletin has cut loose from the traditional subserviency to the interest of the managers. This paper told the truth about the inflammable Tivoli, told it in big headlines, because it is a matter of supreme importance to the community; because a manager who maintains such a theatre in defiance of law and decency is a public enemy who deserves to be pilloried and whipped. The Bulletin, therefore, will continue to advertise the peril from fire in the Tivoli and, in due course, will exploit the perils from fire in the other theatres, for the Tivoli does not stand alone. And the Bulletin will print a just and truthful estimate of all theatrical performances that come to this city. In order that patrons of the theatres may know in advance the character of companies billed here the Bulletin will publish reports of the performances given in Los Angeles, Seattle and Salt Lake City, and will compare the personnel of companies which produced the same plays in New York. These advance notices and comparisons will be useful to persons who meditate purchasing tickets for the performances here.

For many years Life has been hoping to see statements like this in the daily press. For many years Life has held a lonely position in its treatment of the theatres. What follows in the *Bulletin's* editorial gives hope that Life's loneliness is about to be dissipated, for a moment's thought will show that the *Bulletin's* proposed stand is the only one for an honest and self-respecting newspaper.

One concluding paragraph of explanation to the theatrical managers and to the public. The Bulletin does not intend to go about revengefully seeking to harm the theatres. Nor is the Bulletin making a "fight" against the playhouses. The Bulletin will review the performances as a matter of interest to the public, but will pay for seats and will tell the truth to the people. A good performance will be praised. A bad performance will be pronounced bad without leniency and without undue severity. The public shall have the truth. And this policy shall not be for this week or the next only, but for all time. The old relation of courtesy between the newspapers and the theatres is at an end forever in so far as the Bulletin is concerned. If the theatres please they may advertise again in the Bulletin, but they will come in, if at all, on the Bulletin's terms and with a distinct understanding that the Bulletin will accept no free seats, permit none of its employees to go into a theatre without paying his way, give no unmerited puffs and show no favor in its criticism.

These are strange days that we have fallen upon. There seems to be a general awakening of the public conscience. Things which a little while ago and for a long time seemed almost right certainly are being measured by a new and better standard. Long-established habits which were not quite honest, but which had come to be considered so because they were habits, are being looked at in a different way. The old finesse, the old way of thinking things right simply because they were expedient and because they were practiced by successful men and institutions, are getting some rude shocks just now.

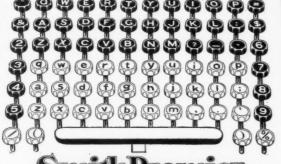
LIFE congratulates the San Francisco Bulletin on coming back to the original and American idea that it is a good thing for a newspaper to be honest with its readers. Simply as policy, honesty is the best policy in the newspaper as in the individual, no matter how the trimming course may seem to succeed temporarily.

Again Life congratulates the Bulletin and its readers

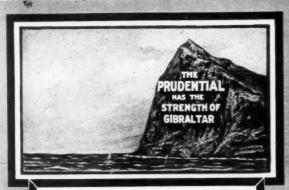
The SMITH PREMIER

Typewriter is the only typewriter with a **complete** keyboard, keys in **straight** lines and a key for **every** character. No shift-key is necessary nor employed in the SMITH PREMIER.

Assures a properly placed character for every key-stroke. Saves time of the operator, aids correct writing and alignment and prolongs the life of the machine. The SMITH PREMIER complete keyboard, with all characters arranged in straight lines, offers a vitally important element in typewriter construction alike beneficial to the operator, machine and the product.



SmithPremier



When Your House is in Flames

it's too late to insure. Don't put off Life Insurance till it is impossible for you to get it. Write today for Book Containing Rates.

The Prudential

INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

JOHN F. DRYDEN,
President.

Dept. 0

Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.



In summer time begin dinner with light, thin soup, if you like, but serve it with

Brownsville Water Crackers

"The Cracker that has Brownsville on it."

A good housewife is known as much by what she buys as by what she makes. Brownsville Water Crackers are made just as a good housewife would make them if she made crackers and knew how. They are not made with sponge dough and cannot sour.

Your grocer can get them of us if he wants to.

CHATLAND & LENHART Brownsville, Pa.

S. S. Pierce Co., Boston.
Park & Tilford, New York.
Acker, Merrall & Condit Co., New York.
The Joseph R. Peebles' Sons Co., Cincinnati,
Geo. K. Stevenson & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
Finley Acker Co., Philadelphia.
C. Jevne & Co., Chicago.

If you cannot buy these crackers of any grocer that you can reach easily, we will send ten pounds for \$1.50, express prepaid, or two pounds for 50 cents, express prepaid.



FAMILY PLATE

The gradual accumulation of the more important pieces of Silverware is a work which should be carried on successively by each generation of a well-to-do family.

Meriden Sterling Silverware and Silver plate of contemporary manufacture, compares favorably in design and workmanship with the cherished heirlooms of the past, and is worthy to be added to the most meritorious collection.



SILVERSMITHS

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., SUCCESSOR

218 Fifth Avenue Ma

Madison Square

NEW YORK





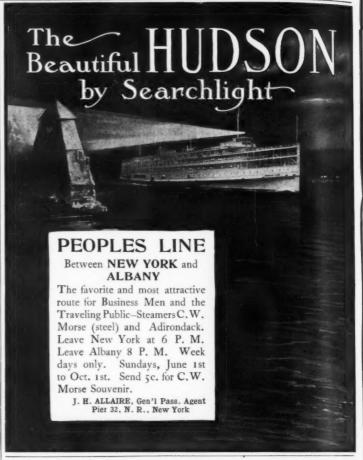
YOU should exercise more care in offering a man your cigarette case than in signing your name. A proffered cigarette is a delicate test of friendship representing your own taste and your opinion of the man to whom you give it.

MURAD

are the selection of an expert in Turkish tobacco, a man who served for sixteen years as the Turkish government expert. A MURAD CIGARETTE is the offering of an expert to a connoisseur.

10 for 15 cents

If not at your dealers mail 15 cents to Murad Cigarette Dept., 111 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



To Our Contributors

LIFE will pay at the rate of five cents a word for clever short stories, preferably not over 2,500 words in length, accepted for publication in LIFE, payment on acceptance.

Any kind of a story, so long as it is interesting, will be considered.

All manuscripts should be accompanied by a return stamped envelope and be addressed to

The Editor of LIFE,

17 West Thirty-first Street,

New York.

RUSSIA AND FRANCE.

THEN-

Ballade of the Vernal Season.

OH, gentle spring is here, I trow,
So to the woods we'll wend our way,
Where violets and lilies grow,
And daffodils in bright array
With primroses are blooming gay,
And tulips, too, in varied hues.
Sweet nature calls. Come quickly, pray,
But don't forget your overshoes.

We'll listen to the brooklet's flow, We'll hear the little linnet's lay, The modest mavis lilting low, The chatter of the brawling jay; While distant, on a nodding spray, His mournful note the turtle coos. We'll make of this a holiday, But don't forget your overshoes.

We've seen the last of sleet and snow (I'm certain, quite) and heavens gray; We feel the southern breezes blow,
The sun sends out a heated ray; I am convinced that it will stay
Like this—I'd bet, nor fear to lose;
The doubting one would have to pay,
But don't forget your overshoes.

L'ENVOL.

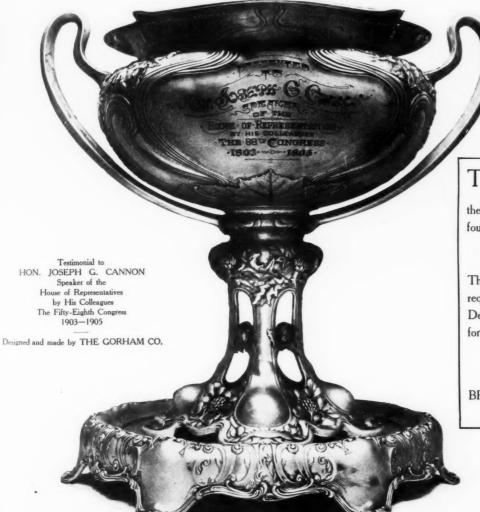
Princess, in woodland paths we'll stray, Or in the meadows, as you choose. Put on your hat without delay— And don't forget your overshoes.

-Chicago News.



AND NOW,

-Jugend.



THE very exceptional number and variety of objects in Sterling Silver shown at the warerooms of The Gorham Co., will be found to greatly facilitate the selection of

Wedding Presents

Their stock is adequate to meet any possible requirement in the way of Dinner, Tea and Dessert Services, as well as any preference for unique single pieces.

The Gorham Co.

Silversmiths and Goldsmiths

BROADWAY and NINETEENTH ST. NEW YORK



SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER



a delicious dentifrice. Free from acid and grit. Just the thing for those who have an inclination for the niceties of every-day life. Ask your dentist.

Fickle Spring is again here, making it advisable for every man, woman and child to have an Underwear that effectually protects at all hours and in all weathers. "Jaeger" alone does this.

Recommended by Physicians Everywhere.

New York; 306 Fifth Ave., 157 Broadway. Bklyn.; 504 Fulton St. Boston: 228 Boylston St. Phila: 1510 Chestnut St. Chicago, 82 State St. Agents in all Principal Cities.

Explanatory Catalog and Samples Free.

For Lovers in General.

A GIRL who signs herself Mabel asks the Observer to tell her how to get rid of an unwelcome suitor, who is so persistent that no brand of snubs, or even coldness of the polar variety, has sufficed to banish.

It should be an easy matter to look a lovesick youth squarely in the eye and tell him that the time has come for him to do his roosting on some other front porch and to carry his little bag of caramels to some other girl

Perhaps, Mabel, you can't appreciate the ache that gets into the heart of a young man once in a while. He is insane. His world begins and ends with you. He writes bad poetry when he should be keeping books for the boss. His appetite fails him, and when he walks the street the birds sing, the dogs bark, and even the breezes echo the one word, "L-o-v-e." He knows he is unworthy, that a century of correct living will not make him fit for you to wipe your shoes on, but he has a hazy sort of an idea that if he keeps on loving, in time he may wear out resistance and that your pity may be transformed into affection.

That is why he comes tripping up the steps with the candy and the flowers; why he is kind to your little brother, whom he privately thinks is being reared for the penitentiary; why he listens to the stories told by your respected father, who has a fine recollection of how the battle of Bull Run was waged, and likes to tell about it. That lover would help carry in the coal at your residence, or turn the wringer if he was asked. He is in love. Snubs, rebuffs, hints, polite refusals are as the sighing of the winds to him.

There is just one thing for you to do. Be frank. Be brutally frank. Don't try that old "I'll-be-a-sister-to-you" scheme. It was a failure when Rameses I. was courting. Make your NO as big as a brick house, and then go upstairs and have your little cry.

If he comes again, tell papa to use a club. And don't worry. The young man will get over it. Several millions of young men do get over it every year. Love is a disease. Sometimes it takes strong medicine to cure it.—
St. Joseph News Press.

GRAND PRIZE

WAS RECEIVED BY

Apollinaris

Natural Mineral Water

ST. LOUIS 1904

Dr. Sheffield's

Crème-Dentifrice

Put up in collapsible Tubes.

Tooth-Powder

Put up in cans convenient for Tourists.

Elixir-Balm

A delightful Mouth Wash.

Used by the Elite of the World Since 1850.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

The OWEN SECRET-BED NO OTHER IT



Perfect Davenport Perfect Bed with separate springs and mattress, Always "made up," Perfectly ventilated. Send for Catalogue "HOW IT WORKS." D. T. OWEN CO., 261 Doan Ave., CLEVELAND. O.

ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE Shake Into Your Shoes



SHRKE THIO LOUP SHOCS
Allon's Foot-Ease, a powder for the
feet. It cures paintul, swollen, smarting,
nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out
of corns and bunions. It's the greatest
comfort discovery of the age. Allen's
Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel
easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nals,
sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet.
We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT
TO-DAY. Sold by all Druggists and Shos
Stores, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c, in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE
MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS, the best medicine for Feverish, sickly
Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

"In a pinch, use Allen's Trial Package FREE. Address, Foot-Ease." ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N.Y.



FITZGERALD 161 BROADWAY.

161 BROADWAY. 688 BROADWAY. 723 SIXTH AVENUE

Cured to STAY CURED. No Nedicines needed afterwards. Book 24 Free.
P. HAROLD HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.





REDFERN STYLE WELL DEFINES a small waist and rounding contour and curves the hipline in precise conformity

to the dictates of fashion.

Choice fabrics, dainty laces and pliant whalebone combine to create a corset model suited to the most fastidious taste. "Security" Rubber Button Hose

Supporters attached.
Four Dollars to Fifteen Dollars per Pair.

THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY, New York, Chicago, San Francisco.



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HAIR GOODS

Choice Imported Ornaments

J. ANDRE LADIES' HAIRDRESSER

13 West 29th St., N. Y. City

Specialist hair coloring, Marcel waving, shampooing, manicuring, electric facial



The Same Thing.

"YES," said the red-headed man, "I spent three months in Rome, and I never got tired of looking at the ruins of the Coliseum. I could have gone out there every day."

"Ruins, eh?" queried one of the farmers on the seat ahead.

"Ruins, sir, with a history. When that Coliseum was erected Rome was in her glory. She was the greatest power on earth. She dominated all Europe. When Rome spoke kings trembled. When Rome sent forth her armies, nations crumbled. All these things came to me as I stood there and looked, and I felt, sir—I felt—"

"Yes, I can imagine how you felt."

"I stood there and my mind went back hundreds of years, and I felt-"

"I've felt the same thing," chipped in the farmer, "and you needn't try to describe it. Only last summer I went back to the home of my boyhood, and I stood there before the ruin of an old cider mill where I used to swig down the sweet stuff as it came from the press, and the fust I knowed my eyes was full of tears and I was wishin' I had been born a calf and had no feelin's to be hurt. Yes, I understand jest how you felt, but when you got over it did you go around askin' if there was any market there for dried apples? We've got about a hundred pounds on hand, and if there's any demand over in Rome I'll ship 'em over there."

The red-headed man gave him a long look of mingled sorrow and disgust, and instead of putting the farmer onto the dried apple market he pulled a newspaper from his pocket and began reading about the riots in Russia.

—St. Joseph News Press.



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THE YOUNG LADY RECEIVED A BOX OF CLEGGES ALMOST DAILY HOW OFTEN DOES YOUR WIFE NOW RECEIVE A BOX OF THESE DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS? REPENT - AND MAIL YOUR ORDERS, AT SHORT INTERVALS, TO SEVENTEEN OTHER STORES & SALESAGENTS CYERYWHERE CANDIES SENT ANYWHERE BY MAIL & EXPRESS.

Ancient Tayles.

YE OLDE ROOSTER & YE OLDE HENNE.

O NCE uponne a tyme, deare children, there lived an olde Rooster who hadde gone manie seasons withoute taking unto hymselfe a wife.

& itte was soe thatte he hadde lived happilie & felt notte ye hande of trouble; for he was a luckie olde Rooster & hys life was a cinch. Butte one day he became possessed of an

"Itte is notte good for me to die an olde bachelor!" quoth he. "Lo, I shalle go forth & finde me a wife!"

For he hadde become a disciple of a strenuous Lion who went aboute through ye lande preaching ye doctrine of No Race-suicide.

Now, ye olde Rooster was meek & inoffensive, with a weak chinne & a balde hedde. Hence, of course, he fixed hys affections uponne a stronge-minded olde Henne & worshipped her afar off.

"She looketh goode to me!" sighed ye olde Rooster. "Behold! I who have butte little character, am sorelie inne need of some one to hold me straight!" & he asked her to be hys.

For itte is even soe thatte manie an olde Rooster who goeth through life havynge a goode tyme becometh aweary of perfect peace & swappeth the same for a few brief yeares inne helle.

While hys hedde growth more balde & hys hearte is broken into fragments. Alsoe hys peace of minde departeth & he longeth for ye chance to goe uponne a jagge, yette dareth notte looke uponne ye wine, lest ye wife of hys bosom smite hymme fulle sore uponne ye hedde & putte hys intellect uponne ye bumme.

& itte came to pass thatte ere ye honeymoon was half over ye olde Rooster looked uponne a yellow dogge & longed to be itte.

"Marry & Gosh-dern!" he sobbed, "butte itte were better to be a yellow dogge than a human reticule dangling atte ye waiste of a strong-minded female!" Thenne he started & grew payle for thatte he hadde uttered treason.

& one day they founde hymme outte on ye scrappe-heape with hys feete stycking uppe

(Continued on next page.)

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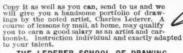
Goerz

but if they are merely good, he will name any one of a dozen others.

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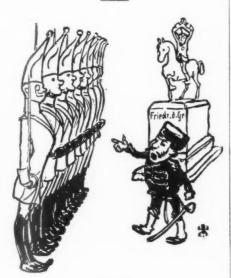
"The Gentle Art of Letter Writing," a delightful desk book for all who write letters, sent free on request and the name of a dealer who doesn't sell Eaton-Hurlbut writing papers.

inne ye aire. A letter was by hys side and ye coroner wept as he read:

"Firste Sneeze: Ere thou plunge inne, finde if ye matrimonial sea be too hotte for thee."

"Second Wozzle: If thou have a weak character-try notte to mend itte by mar-

"Third Wallop: Beware ye stronge-minded olde Henne who weareth ye mole onne her chinne & hath no use for children!"-LOWELL OTUS REESE, in Frank Leslie's Weekly.



1950 A. D

JAPANESE MILITARY INSTRUCTOR IN BERLIN.

Extortion.

N the myriad minor changes that have come about since war-times, it happens that a negro, who formerly belonged to the family of a Mississippi Congressman, has become proprictor of a small kindling wood shop in New York City. When the Congressman visits New York, says a correspondent of the Boston Post. he always calls on his old retainer.

The negro seemed unhappy on the occasion of their last meeting, and the visitor hastened to show sympathy. "What's the matter, Uncle Lafe?" he asked.

"I's just been done out o' some money, Marse John," was the reply. "Had a terrible misery in mah toof, and went to a dentis' and got hit pulled, and he chahged me a dollah-a whole dollah! Why, once down in Tenn'see, I went to ole Doc Tinker, and he pulled two toofs and broke mah jawbone and only changed me fifty cents! I's been buncoed, Marse John."

An Alternative Hinted.

MRS. FALLON: Good-marnin', Mrs. Toolan! Do yez t'ink we'll hov war?

MRS. TOOLAN: Oi don't know, Mrs. Fallon. It depinds greatly phether yez do or don't fergit to return th' flat-irons yez borrowed av me. Do yez moind?-Leslic's Weekly.

Another Great Victory for the

ANGELUS

ON November 15th a musical critic published an article in the Pittsburg "Index," in which he made the statement that no so-called mechanical piano-player possessed any true artistic possibilities—or words to that effect.

The S. Hamilton Company, who are the Pittsburg agents for the Angelus, immediately denounced the statements of the critic as being absolutely untrue. as far as the Angelus Piano-Player was concerned; and they challenged the critic to a test of the Angelus, before a committee of the most prominent musicians of the city.

On December 8th, several gentlemen of high standing in musical circles, including Mr. Edwin H. Lemare, the great English organist, Mr. Adolph M. Foerster, the eminent American composer and teacher; the critic himself, and several others met in the Angelus Rooms of Hamilton Hall. Compositions by MacDowell, Chopin, Liszt and others, as well as some of Mr. Lemare's own improvisations, were used in the test, and the impossibility to detect the difference between hand-played and Angelus-played music was demonstrated in a manner that was at once startling and complete.

The very first piece played settled the controversy. Two grand pianos, of exactly the same pitch and tone, stood side by side. Before one was placed an Angelus, and a skilful pianist at the other. In the next room sat the committee of critics. The Angelus was played first, and at a certain point in the composition, the Angelus was stopped, and the pianist continued the composition and finished it. Then one of the critics said, "That's very fine, now we will listen to the Angelus," and not one of the committee disputed his opinion that the entire composition had been played by hand.

EDWARD H. LEMARE says—

"Any pianist or musician must admit the wonderful virtuosity of the Angelus—its artistic possibilities in the hands of the capable musician; either amateur or professional, are limited only by his own temperament and knowledge. As a means for artistic interpretation, it is, in my opinion, absolutely unique. The Angelus, with its wonderful devices for phrasing and emphasizing notes, should be welcomed by all true musicians."

FOERSTER says—
"In the compositions that I have been able to hear it is impossible to detect the difference between the hand-played and the Angelus-played music—properly and artistically done in both cases, of course. The phrasing lever and emphasis devices of the Angelus make this possible and afford great possibilities that will be readily understood by those competent to judge properly."

The party responsible for the original criticism expressed his surprise at the results of the test of the Angelus, as he with the others was overwhelmed by the convincing proof presented. The marvelous phrasing lever is the key to the whole situation, and it is a feature that is possessed by no other piano-player.

> Any of our Agents will gladly show you The Angelus Name of nearest Agent together with handsome booklet mailed free

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"BREED" and a white man were engaged in what Old Man Donnelly called a "ranicaboo" when Stag-Hound Bill stepped into Sam Jeffrey's saloon one night. Sam Jeffrey's saloon enjoyed a monopoly near an Indian reservation. There was a faro game in full blast and a spirited poker game. Bacon-Rind Dick was drunk again and squeaking like a mouse in the wall. The air was thick with

smoke, and a man had to order his drinks at the top of his voice in order to be heard above the uproar of the tumultuous cowboys and stockmen. Stag-Hound threw his pack-saddle in the corner and sat down.

"My gosh!" he said to his neighbor, a smile of contentment playing about the corners of his mouth, "but it seems good to be back in civilization again."-Lippincott's Magazine.

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is an ornament to the dressing stand or toilet outfit.



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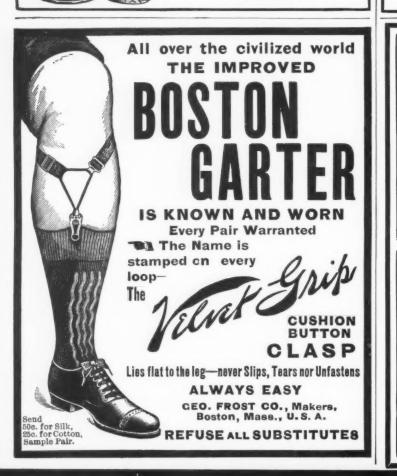
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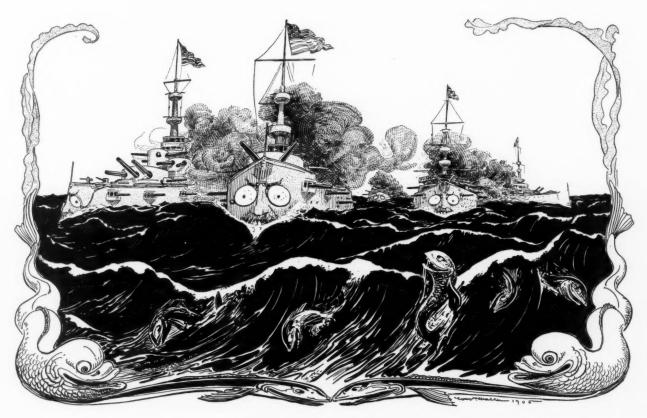
Edinburgh, 2nd November, 1891.

I have made a careful chemical analysis of Andrew Usher & Co.'s Old Vatted Glenlivet Whisky (a blend of Glenlivet and other Whiskies) sampled by me from stock in sealed cases ready for delivery from Warehouse, and find such to be of excellent quality, being thoroughly matured and free from objectionable products. It is a very pure Spirit, and either with ordinary or aerated water forms a highly palatable and wholesome beverage.

Stevenson Macadam, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., Lecturer on Chemistry.

G. S. NICHOLAS, Sole Agent, 43 Beaver St., New York.

LIFE



" IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR."

DEMOCRACY.

THERE is a Bowery restauranteur—they call him "Coffee Jake"—Who makes a humble specialty of serving Hamburg steak. He shouts your order down the tube, "A chopper—make it flat!" The meat comes hot and costs a dime—and isn't bad at that.

But at the new St. Rich hotel more formal airs you'll find, And one who goes to luncheon leaves the simple life behind. A footman meets you at the steps, another at the door, And lined up to the dining-room stand many, many more.

A butler bows you to the room, a waiter to your chair,
And luncheon takes the aspect of a serious affair.
A flunkey brings a menu card with reverent respect—
The heavens are hushed and waiting for the order you select.

You pause. You're rather short on French, but then you'll make a bluff. A Something à la Something Else seems nourishing enough.

The waiter takes your order and attends to your commands, As grave as an ambassador with nations on his hands.

With portents of a great event the atmosphere is stored. The silver forks and crystal glass gleam on the snowy board, And hark! the corps of servitors attention seem to stand—The waiter is approaching with your order in his hand!

A silver dish of fair design he sets beneath your nose, And lifts the cover tenderly its wonders to disclose, When—lights of poorer, humbler days and shades of "Coffee Jake"! You recognize no other than your friend, the Hamburg steak!

MORAL

When one, through change of circumstance, becomes a gilded denizen, It's fun to see a Hamburg steak assume the airs of venison.

Wallace Irwin,

·LIFE ·



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLV. MAY 4, 1905, No. 1175,

17 West Thirty-First Street, New York.

Two great wars are still in progress at this writing: one between Russia and Japan, the other the intestinal conflict in the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Interest in the former dispute hinges now on the possibilities of a sea-fight be-

tween Admirals Togo and Rojestvensky, but it is hard to discuss prospects in any detail, because of the difficulty of getting reliable accounts of the condition of the Russian ships, and of the precise whereabouts of either fleet.

About the conflict in the Equitable, on the contrary, there has been for weeks past a daily outpouring of facts, reports, rumors, charges and recriminations which has embarrassed observers with its volume. All the newspapers, some of the magazines, most of the leading lawyers, the Insurance Department of the State, an army of life insurance agents and various of the courts are involved, and the District Attorney has expected to be summoned at any moment. There never was a more violent tempest in a bigger teapot. The fact to which, more than to any other fact, the culmination of this bitterness at this time is due is the gulf of years which stretches between Vice-President James Hyde and President James Alexander. If Mr. Hyde had been older and behaved so, it would not have happened yet. If Mr. Alexander had been younger and felt so, it might not have happened. The conflict can hardly be expected to rejuvenate Mr. Alexander, but it is likely to have material and important effects in the way of aging Mr. Hyde. As a means of imparting to him in a few weeks the experience of a lifetime, it could hardly have been excelled.

Never man had a more thoroughgoing initiation into the solemnities of business than Mr. Hyde has been getting. It is impossible that he can have an illusion left. Three months ago he was twenty-nine. He cannot now be less than fifty.



NOTHER interesting war that is going on vigorously is the anticigarette war. It is raging most fiercely in the Middle West. In Indiana a new law went into effect on April 15th, which prohibits selling or giving away cigarettes in Indiana, or having them on the person or premises with intent to dispose of them. Under this law, the papers said, a man was fined \$35 for being caught with cigarette papers on him, and others were fined for smoking cigarettes. Whether the new law warrants these fines, we don't know, but the design seems to have been to hit cigarettes as hard as was constitutionally permissible. A law to the same intent has been made and proclaimed in Wisconsin, and Michigan was lately arranging for one on the same lines. How many other Western, or Mid-Western, States have got them, or contracted for them, our statistician has not yet reported, but it looks as though an anti-cigarette movement was having a pretty strong run in the more emotional precincts of our capacious country.



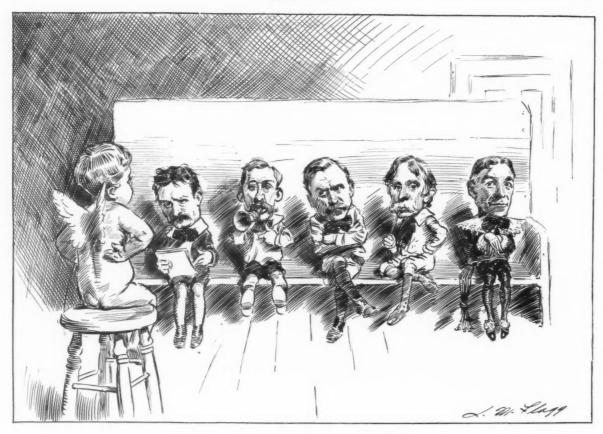
DRESUMABLY this anti-cigarette legislation is chiefly in the interest of boys. Cigarettes are bad for boys, and unluckily many boys know it, and are possessed to smoke them. To keep boys and cigarettes from forming intimacres is a good work, and any reasonable means of forwarding it should be encouraged. But the legislation to this end adopted in Indiana and Wisconsin does not seem reasonable. Cigarettes, pernicious as are some of their traits, are not such deadly things as our Western brethren seem to think them. Men can smoke them, and still be good part of the time, and hold

their jobs, and maintain harmonious relations with their families. If Indiana could abolish boys, cigarettes would make no serious trouble. Why not make a law in Indiana that any citizen having in his possession a boy under eighteen who smokes cigarettes shall be subject to fine and imprisonment? Such a law would stimulate parental vigilance, which is what is wanted. Fine dealers who sell cigarettes to boys: and punish boys who smoke cigarettes, if necessary, but don't try to keep cigarettes out of the State. It can't be done. and is not necessary or proper to be done. Cigarettes are bad enough, but they are not so unhealthy or so inconsistent with the practice of virtue as those simple Hoosier legislators have been taught to believe.



MUCH worse practice than cigarette-smoking is prevalent in this country, and that is inconsiderate legislation. Every State Legislature in the United States is a danger point from the beginning of its session to the end. A large number of our legislators are venal, and lots more are incompetent. They have enormous power, and the Governors, who are expected to check the misuse of it, are not often fully equal to that duty. Nothing better illustrates the great strength of the democratic form of government than our ability to live as well, and prosper as much, as we do under the supervision of the men whom we employ to make our laws for us. Our New York Legislature is as bad as any. It passed the Stock Tax bill, which put the great stock-gambling industry of this town at a serious disadvantage in competition with the same industry in other States. It passed the Mortgage Tax bill, which, if it becomes a law, will mark up the price of real estate loans one-half of one per cent. It won't pass a good and equitable tax law, such as might easily be drawn. Its reputation for integrity is low, and for unselfish intelligence is lower, yet it has not at this writing passed the bill to give Niagara Falls to some impudent rascals from Lockport. That was too rotten a job even for Albany.





Life's Sunday-School Class.

PRESENT: Eddie Bok, Brisben Walker, Sammy McClure, Frankie Munsey, Dicky Gilder.

L IFE: Now, little boys, come in quietly and see if you can be well-behaved. Frankie Munsey, stop blowing that horn.

FRANKIE MUNSEY: It's my own horn all right.

SAMMY McClure: He can't help it, teacher. He's got the habit.

LIFE: Order! Order! Now who can tell what is the lesson for the day?

Brisben Walker: Look here, teacher, instead of the lesson I want to read a composition I have written.

SAMMY McClure: Fan me! Say, teacher, we can't stand it. There's a limit to everything.

Life: Now, boys, why can't you all be good like little Eddie Bok? See how nicely he sits up. Why, he's the only one who ever has his hair brushed.

BRISBEN WALKER: I can lick him!

SAMMY McClure: So can I! Frankie Munsey: So can I!

LIFE: Quiet! Who knows the lesson for the day?

SAMMY McClure: I know.

LIFE: Well, what is it?

SAMMY McClure: It pays to advertise.

LIFE: Not quite. Perhaps little Dicky Gilder can tell.

DICKY GILDER: Oh, yes, I know. A post is made, not born.

LIFE: What do you think about it, Frankie Munsey?

FRANKIE MUNSEY: To thine ownself be foxy.

LIFE: And you, Eddie Bok? Eddie Bok: Be a lady!

BRISBEN WALKER: Blow thyself!

Life: You're all wrong. And until you learn your own lesson, you may all go home and try again. DICKY GILDER: What is the real lesson, teacher?

Life: A fakir is without honor, except in his own country.

In France.

OUR (in-law) Boni de Castellane, speaking of the threatened separation of Church and State, in France, exclaims:

"It is a duel between God and demagogy, and God will surely win."

No doubt. The unfortunate part is that it is a French duel, and demagogy will therefore come off with only a light pinking.

Inscription for a Missionary Box.

LET him who is without sin among you cast the first coin.

You Never Can Tell.

"You think you do-but you don't."

—Bernard Shaw.

IN the touch-and-go of the daily show Where the virtues are highly prized, We've a conscience sweet with the mild conceit That we're terribly civilized;

And we're looking down with a Jove-like frown

On the Turk or the Hottentot, While we spread our wings like the perfect things

Which we think we are-but we're not,

This nation of ours, as it tells the Powers, Is the land of the free and the brave; In God we trust, and we're awfully just, And we haven't the sign of a slave. No peasants toil on our chainless soil, As labor the sons of the Czar; For we're not in the hooks of the fierce Grand Dukes—

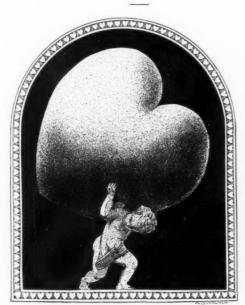
We think we're not—but we are.

There's no great span 'twixt the Congressman And the humblest Mick in the ditch; We see no charms in a coat of arms, And we don't bow down to the rich. We never graze with a thankful gaze In the fields of the parvenu; We never stare at a millionaire—
We think we don't—but we do.

Chicago.

Wallace Irwin.

WHERE do you pass your honey-



STRONGER THAN ATLAS.



MAY FIRST.

Mrs. Ovel: Yes, John, They're perfectly lovely—all the modern improvements, two flights up, nine rooms, and all dark.

CI IVOIALTIOZ ZASTOI OFN

Powders.

IT is not easy to conceive of civilization prior to the year 1453. For the great powders, viz., gun, complexion and sleeping, have all come into use since that date.

Time was when gunpowder had necessarily to be smelled by such as contemplated becoming heroes in any large sense, but at present this is only measurably so. The peace sentiment has gotten itself greatly intensified, in late years, and, besides, the sense of smell is by no means what it was. In these days, the greatest heroes are those

who can pick a President in advance, and get solid.

Complexion powders have wrought great social upheavals. If it were not for complexion powders, many a woman would hardly have the face to come out in the open and demand her just rights, choosing rather to remain in thralldom than appear publicly in her natural colors.

Sleeping powders come very handy. Nothing else seems to be able to relax the eternal vigilance which is the price of prosperity.

·LIFE ·

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB. IN DIFFERENT KEYS.

By Tom Masson.

The Original.

Mary had a little lamb; Its fleece was white as snow And everywhere that Mary went The lamb was sure to go



By Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston.

WARNING-MARY'S LAMB!

When I made my first announcement that Mary had a little lamb, what happened?

The "System" laughed at me. And yet millions read the statement and believed.

This is nothing, however, to what will appear in the next number.

Then I shall make it plain to all that the lamb's fleece is as white as snow. Not only this, but it will be proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that the lamb went everywhere that Mary did.

Lazuson.



By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Onct there was a 'ittle gyrul ez good ez she could be. Her name was ist plain Mary, the nicest name you see.

She never said a naughty word, nor ate the pantry jam,

'N' all she had to comfort her was ist a 'ittle lamb, With wobbly legs and bestest eyes and fleece ez white ez snow,

'N' everywhere that Mary went the lamb

was

sure

to

go!



BY HENRY JAMES.

Perhaps it was Providential, and yet it seemed to come, in the sequence of events, wholly without vagueness or sense of any obscurity, that is to say, quite naturally, without forethought, or design, or shall I say premeditation? that the girl Mary, among other nameless characteristics, doubtless alien and beside the question, so to speak, had, at the time, though it were vain to specify the precise hour or moment, this being a matter of debatable chronology, a curious illustration of nature's spendthrift energies, namely—a lamb.

The animal in question, nimble doubtless, displayed, or at least gave certain superficial evidences of displaying, although we hesitate to make the matter too plain, this being with us, as usual, time and again, over and over, and in and out—a matter of honor; nevertheless, we state that of these evidences, mentioned heretofore, there appeared, according to the published annals, two, or about two: that its fleece, a covering usually adequate in extreme weather, was colorless or white, and that wherever Mary, the girl, who apparently walked, ran, or trotted, though where is unknown, went, the lamb also developed the identical, that is, the same, characteristic.



By Mr. Dooley.

"Have yez heard the noos about Mary?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"Phat's thot?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "ye know the little gyrul that plays around the corner wid me uncle's wife's first cousin, the wan that's lift wid two mothers on her hands in the last eviction contest, well, wud ye belave me, but some wan in the East sint her wan of thim lambkins, the kind I do be thinkin' that plays in Wall Street on Sundays and holidays, moind ye, for I sware to ye, Hinnissy, its fleece is as white as snow."

"Give him toime," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I'll give the little baste about twenty-four hours," replied Mr. Dooley, "and then, what wid following Mary around the strates of Chicago, he'll lose his color. Eh, Hinnissy?"

·LIFE ·





By George Ade.

A certain Peacherine named Mamie became wise to the fact that The Willie boys were beginning to Wear on Her, and that doing Time in the St. Regis and Waldorf, and on the Washington Limited, was all to the bad. So she put on her Goggles and took a long look down the Alley for some New Form of Time Killer that Would Give her Simple little life a run for its money. It happened that a Woolly Lamb, like the Kind that Mother used to Shear, was doing the Koochy Koochy on the Park Slope, and Mame went out and put Enough Salt on his Tail to make him long for Friendly Doings With Her. So after that He followed her Around like a College Graduate At a Football Bee.

> MORAL: You can Search Me.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

God of our fathers, known of old,

Bring back the name of Mary's pet,

Who flourished in a season cold,

Lest we forget, lest we forget.

His name was just plain little lamb,

His fleece was white as snow—not jet—

Here I insert an oath—(say "damn").

It is my style, lest you forget!



By James Gordon Bennett.

As announced exclusively in the Herald this morning, Mary had a little lamb. Our Paris correspondent reports (by special cable to the Herald) that his fleece was as white as snow. We have learned from other sources controlled by the Herald, that the lamb was sure to go wherever Mary went.

President Roosevelt said to a Herald reporter: The exclusive news in the Herald about Mary's little lamb fortunately comes at a time when our foreign relations were never in better condition. The Herald is a great paper.

Dr. Parkhurst: I read the news about Mary in this morning's Herald (exclusively), with the tears streaming down my cheeks, and my heart beating fast. I have not yet seen my representative in the Tenderloin, but am hoping for the best. The Herald deserves the thanks of everybody.

Special from London: King Edward said this morning: The news about Mary, which I was informed appeared exclusively in the New York Herald, affected me profoundly. I can only hope that the ties that unite the great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race in a common brotherhood may still be kept sacred and inviolate.

When informed of the Herald's great feat, Pierpont Morgan said: "I warned every one some time ago that the thing might happen. And now that the Herald alone has given the news to the world, nothing more need be said."

When asked if he would like to say anything about the lamb's fleece being as white as snow, he buried his face in his hands for a moment, and then replied:

"No, I have nothing further to add."

Life.



O one really believes that Professor Loeb's beginning with sea-urchins, in the production of life artificially, is an accident. From sea-urchins to land-, common- or garden-urchins is naturally but a step or so, and

with the production of the latter the problem is solved. In the new order, of course, everybody will be an urchin to begin with. No need of urchinesses will remain, unless, perchance, some trust should baffle the vigilance of the Department of Labor and Commerce, corner the chemicals, and compel a temporary resort to the crude processes which now obtain.

Conceivably, it will be the occasion of some embarrassment to the department stores, the Mormon Church, and possibly a few others, when all persons shall be of the masculine gender, but even these will, no doubt, adjust

Quite Enough.

THE two girls met at the dress-goods counter.

"I am purchasing the material for my attire when I shall tell the world how it shall be run," states the sweet girl graduate.

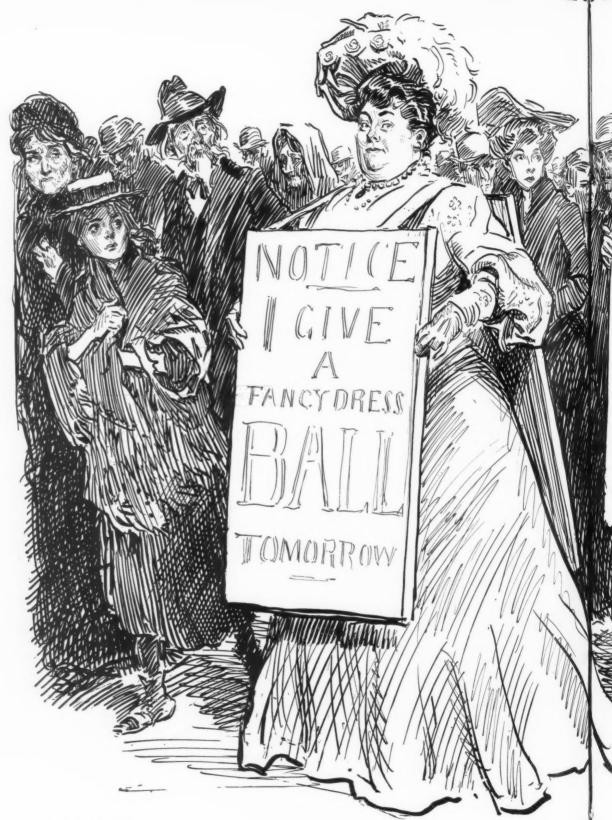
"I," remarks the other, who was a sweet girl graduate last year, "am purchasing the material for my attire when I shall begin telling one man how he shall be run hereafter."

From which we gather that there is to be the usual amount of oratory this season.



A WRITER OF VERSE TORE HIS HAIR WITH A CURSE, FOR NEVER A WORD RHYMED WITH MONTH; BUT HIS LISPING WIFE SAID, VERY TACTLESSLY, "FRED, YOU'RE A DUNTH; I COULD FIND ONE AT WONTH,"

·LIFE



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ADVERTISE À L

·LIFE·



ADVERTISE À LA MODE.



"How Long, O Cataline, Wilt Thou Continue to Abuse Our Patience?"

PECIAL attention is directed to an article appearing in the advertising pages of this issue of Life and headed "Peccavi." It describes so exactly the relations existing between the newspapers and the theatrical interests, and shows so thoroughly what those relations ought to be, that it should be read not only by every one who reads a newspaper, but by every one who owns or writes for a newspaper.

It is a vivid experience and a concrete instance which should teach a widespread lesson,

THE Firm of Cunningham," at the Madison Square, is not an effort whose result inspires enthusiasm. A comedy, in attempt,

it becomes dramatic where one expects it to be laughable. When one begins to be interested in what might be almost a serious plot, the interest is diverted by humorous situa-

tions which are not so irresistibly humorous as to evoke peals of laughter. The leading character, played with considerable expertness as a comédienne by Hilda Spong, is a wife who lies illogically on every occasion, in season and out of season, until she ties herself up in difficulties, from which the author has to rescue her by a very commonplace ending of the play. The best thing in "The Firm of Cunningham" is a love scene between Katherine Grey, whose portrait we append, and Mr. William Lamp, a promising young actor, whose future will be more assured when he dispenses with certain uncouth habits of speech which mar an otherwise creditable performance. Grey represents a younger sister of the heroine who has just graduated from Vassar. The

author endows her with ingenuous qualities and a credulity hard to associate with a Vassarite who has completed the four years' course at that institution of learning. The lying sister ties up the Vassar one's love affairs in a very hard knot, and this furnishes the basis of the play. The deus ex machina is the bilious husband's law partner, well played by Mr. William Harcourt, who finally brings order and happiness out of chaos.

"The Firm of Cunningham" is mildly interesting.

THE death of Joseph Jefferson severs one more link between the American theatre as it was and as it is. Few of his contemporaries in the history of our stage survive him, and no living actor is heir to the unique hold he had on the affections of the American theatre-going public.

A NOTHER favorite of former days, an artiste of rare distinction, will make, as this issue of LIFE comes to its readers, what will probably te her last public appearance. Coming at a time when the stage in this country is in sore straits artistically, the benefit to Madame Helena Modjeska should be, and doubtless will be, a tribute of more than ordinary significance.

HE widespread indignation against the Theatrical Trust finds expression in a leading editorial in that powerful publication, the Chicago Journal, from which the following is a significant extract:

Such infamous methods as have been used to crush out competition and strengthen this monopoly were bound to rouse the indignation of the American people, and, therefore, it is not surprising to find a rising tide of angry protest everywhere against the Trust.

It has reached its greatest height in New York, where, after long controlling criticism by means of its advertising favors, the Trust has stepped on an unsuspected tack—the weekly periodical, LIFE. It attempted to remove LIFE's painful obstruction by the usual methods, of course. But LIFE was neither to be intimidated nor to be bought; on the contrary, it became more aggressive than ever and made things so hot for the Trust that Messrs. Klaw, Erlanger, Nirdlinger, Zimmerman, Hayman and Frohman took to cover, squealing out the childish and ridiculous complaint that they were being made the victims of race prejudice.

Nobody in the United States cares what another man's religion is, and, though the members of the Trust do happen to be Jews, they are not being fought because of that fact.

It is their methods which have brought condemnation upon them, and the same methods would condemn any Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Dowieite, Mohammedan or Mormon who might employ them.

Indeed, not even the Jews themselves, to whom the Trust hypocritically looks for sympathy and support, have been deceived by the im-



pudent appeal of Klaw, Erlanger, et al., as is shown by the scathing denunciation of them, their practices and their attempt to crawl under the cover of the Jewish faith, published by the Jewish Daily News of New

The end of the struggle against the Theatrical Trust may be distant, for the Trust is securely intrenched; but the

struggle will continue until it ends in the destruction of the coarse and brutal monopoly which is fattening on the spoil of the American theatre.

*

THAT un-American institution, the boycott, has never met with the approval of LIFE, but if it could be ever justified, it would seem to be in the case of the theatres which have affiliated themselves with the Theatrical Trust. Communities outside of New York can make public opinion very quickly materialize into an effective weapon, and if it should be directed against the local managers and theatres who furnish the Trust with the sinews

of war, that organization would very soon be put out of business. If a reasonably numerous circuit of such theatres would take their affairs into their own hands and do their own booking, through their own agent, the days of the Trust would soon be num-

bered. So mote it be.

ANY inquiries impel LIFE to inform its readers that as yet no decision has been rendered in the examination of the members of the Theatrical Managers' Association, who have been charged with criminal conspiracy in combining to exclude LIFE's representative from the

theatres under their control. That decision may be handed down at any time, and perhaps by the time this issue reaches its readers.

THE PROUD LAIRD," at the Manhattan, escapes by a not over-wide margin being in the same class with Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Engaged." The fun of the present production rests on treating almost seriously the absurd pretentiousness of an ancient Scotch family, endowed with family traditions and family pride, but with no money to stop leaks in the roof of the ancestral castle or carpet its floors. This noble outfit, with its array of ragged retainers, finds hope in the possibility of its head, The Invermorach, a distinctly modern young man, marrying the heroine of the play, an American with money. The plottings, based on the methods used to bring Benedick and Beatrice together, furnish several laughable situations, especially the one where the fully established love affair is abruptly discontinued by the young man and young woman finding out that they have been made the victims of a sort of Christian Science auto-suggestion. The denouement of a play of this kind is not of vast importance, but this breach is properly healed and all ends happily.

*

Scotch humor is difficult to understand as a subjective proposition,



ANOTHER RACIAL ATTACK, BUT MR. BELASCO WAS NOT FRIGHTENED.

but Scotch thrift, treated objectively, is here made to yield considerable fun. Unfortunately, the play does not take any real hold on the audience until the middle of the second of its three acts, due largely to the preponderance of Scotch dialect through scenes which, without it, would be less tiresome.

"The Proud Laird" is excellently staged and acted, and only narrowly escapes being an unusually clever light comedy.

> BILL has been introduced in the New York Legislature by Senator Cullen, of Brooklyn, making it a crime for anyone connected with a theatre to exclude any person without just cause. As the laws are, no negro may be excluded from a theatre without just cause, and the passage of this bill would give a white man equal rights with a negro. Under its provisions it would be necessary for the Theatrical Trust to demon-

strate to the satisfaction of the criminal authorities that having written criticisms for print was a just cause for excluding a person who had purchased the right of admission in the usual way.

Metcalfe.



OIL.

OAL-OIL JOHNNY, a recently deceased Pennsylvania celebrity, was the Moses of modern finance; he saw the promised land flowing with oil and money, but he never entered in. When he struck the rock oil in his and its native state and started the flow of the rich and juicy fountains of greasy wealth, he laid broad and deep the foundations of trouble; he gave a permanent job to the Land of Liberty illuminating the world; he placed the Baptist Church on Easy Street; he made Chicago a university settlement and brain center; he materialized the pipe dream in the pipe line; he made the American citizen a by-product of petroleum; he greased the wheels of transportation and the hand of legislation; and

by making the republic a rendering establishment rendered it possible for the proud and parlous patriot to proclaim: "The sun never sets on the American kerosene can."

Coal-oil Johnny is dead, and gone to a better state than Pennsylvania, whether he is where petroleum is a superfluity or a non-essential; and his mantle has fallen upon

another Johnny, whose distributive ability is less acute, whose pace is more sedate, whose thrift is more marked, whose tastes are less joyous, whose habits are less circumambulatory, and whose thirst for labels is less pronounced; but the dead Johnny had more hair, heart, heat and hilarity than the living Johnny on the financial spot. The evil that men do and the oil they find live after them; but the evil of Coal-Oil Johnny looks like thirty cents beside the evils of Coal-Oil Johnny's coal oil.

When the history of the past fifty years of American achievement is written, it will be found to consist chiefly of a series of

economic troubles surrounding a grease spot; and it will disprove some threadbare theories and discredit a good many ethical chestnuts. It will be found that throwing oil on the troubled waters of politics and finance is not productive of peace; it will be proved that oil and water may be mixed with profit; and it will show that the pine and the itching palm may grow on the same soil if the proper lubricants and fertilizers are used on the piner.

For a decade we have believed the passions and emotions of the republic have been stirred by the standards of gold and silver; now we know that its destinies were being dished and its misfortunes being

managed by the Standard Oil. Too late we have learned that the refining of the crude manners of our civilization was of less importance than the refining of the crude petroleum of Pennsylvania; and we are just beginning to understand that the rake-off of the grafters of the greasy geyser was garnered from the wreck of less foxy financiers. The principles of petroleum are the palladium of political pilferers; and it is time we understood that the discovery of petroleum ranks next to the discovery of America and its possibilities for plunder.

Bleeding Kansas is bleeding anew in the cause of kerosene; Texas demands that its wells of petroleum shall remain crude, undefiled by the touch of monopoly; Colorado calls for protection for the oil barrel of the people from the barrel of the oil people; and the Strenuous One is sicking Garfield and his gendarmerie onto the pestilent plunderers of the people's petroleum.

Yet with an agitated republic palpitating at the word oil, Coal-Oil Johnny sleeps obscure and unadorned. We call upon the living Coal-Oil Johnny to do justice to his lamented precursor. Let him exhume his bones and present them as sacred relics to the grand old Kerosene University of Chicago, so that the fame of rock oil and Rockefeller may go down the ages together.

Joseph Smith.

Why Togo Didn't Fight.

T was recently reported that Admirals Togo and Rojest'sky had fought in the China Sea. Nothing but headlines came of the rumor, and various efforts to run down the report failed of definite result. We are glad to be able to disclose what really happened. The fleets did get together and were about to pound one another to little bits. But Admiral Togo, who was longest out of port, suddenly wirelessed to the hero of Dogger Bank, "Can you tell me if the Equitable row is over yet?"

The courteous Rojest'sky replied, "It is still on and growing daily in scope and destructive force."

"In that case," returned Togo, "I beg topostpone the engagement until we can have the center of the stage. Our affair will get little attention if we have it now."



MAKE IT PLEASANT FOR HIM.

IF HUBBY'S RICH AND VERY OLD, AND YOU ARE POOR, THOUGH NEW YOU SHOULD TRY TO MAKE HIS LIFE A PLEASANT JOKE.

FOR INSTANCE, IF HE'S EATING SHAD AND STUMBLES ON A BONE,

JUST LAUGH AND SAY, "JOHN, DEAR, I HOPE YOU CHOKE!"

Don't Kick a Dog Because He Has No Friends.



I T has been frequently observed that there are more stray dogs, than formerly, about the streets of New York. If so, where are the numerous agents of the S. P. C. A. So-

ciety who are supposed to mitigate these things? Not enough of them, probably. Not money enough to hire others. Or, are they busy with more important matters?—keeping in order, perhaps, the monumental home of the S. P. C. A.

Well, we know, personally, several ladies who take in these wanderers and care for them, otherwise homeless dogs in New York would be thicker than leaves in Valambrosa.

The following extract may be of interest to some of Life's readers:

A homeless dog is one of the saddest creatures and one of the saddest sights on earth. He is hungry, thirsty, tired, cold, possibly ill; he looks up with pitiful, imploring eyes into the faces of those who seem to him kindly, but usually his timid

appeal meets with no response or with harsh rebuff; he is pushed roughly away, driven from each door which he vainly hoped might open to admit him to comfort, warmth, food, life and love. When his day of hunger, terror and utter despair and wretchedness is over, where can he lie down to sleep in the long, bitterly cold night? On some doorstep or in some gateway, to be cruelly ejected, without so much as a crust to lessen his fainting hunger, in the morning. Poor, faithful, loving-hearted dog, he has done nothing to deserve the terrible fate to which the master whom he loved and trusted has consigned him.

To turn horses or cattle out without food or shelter is very rightly held as a punishable offence; why, then, should similar justice be denied to dogs? Why should they be thus treated, and the inhuman brutes who perpetrate this ruthless cruelty go scot free?—C. A. M. Bailey, National Canine Defence League.

Goaded Into It.

SUPERINTENDENT: Madam, you say the conductor used insulting language. But what did you do?

LADY: I wanted to get off the car at my corner.

"Oh, well, I knew he must have had some cause."



JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

IF BROWN COMES UP TO YOU SOME DAY AND SAYS WITH FOOLISH GLEE,

WHILE PROUDLY HIS PARENTAL CHEST EXPANDS,

""MY LITTLE SON—HE"S THREE YEARS OLD—SAID, "POPPER, WHO MADE GOD"?"

IT'S ETIQUETTE TO FELL HIM WHERE HE STANDS!

The King of Now.

(ONCE "THE MAY QUEEN.")

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, Bridget dear;
I intend to write a novel ev'ry other day this year;
And when I am not thus employed, if nothing intervenes,
I mean to do some novelettes and tales for magazines.

I sleep so sound all night, Bridget, that I shall never wake, And you know I have to write all that publishers will take; For I must gather shekels, wreaths of laurel for my brow, Since I'm the king of now, Bridget, the hustling king of now.

For other writers come and go—McCutcheon's made a hit— Yet no one must forget that C— T— B—'s it; So wake and call me early, call me early, Bridget dear, For there's a fearful lot of rot to be turned out this year.

Carroll Watson Rankin.

Let Patriots Rejoice!

IN perusing a recent Sunday World we were deeply moved by certain passages.

There is a duke, a duchess, a lord and a lady who have made this winter's season at Southern resorts more notable than usual.

The Duke is his Grace of Manchester; the Duchess is his bride of little more than four years, Miss Helena Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, that was. The lord is the youngest of their two children, little Viscount Mandeville, destined to be the tenth Duke of Manchester if he survives his father. The lady is his little sister, Lady Mary Alva Montagu, first born of the Manchesters. They have attracted attention wherever they have gone, North or South, at Tuxedo or Palm Beach.

This seems incredible, for, as a people, we are strangely indifferent to titles.

If the beautiful blue-eyed daughter of the Cincinnati millionaire, Eugene Zimmerman, were only a plain American "Mrs.", she would be just as popular in America. Her doings were always those the most chronicled.

Her doings chronicled? Knowing the American Press, this is hard to believe.

At the following paragraph the tears came to our eyes and we experienced a thrill of patriotic emotion:

It was a charming sight to see the Duke trying to coax the babies to follow him into the swimming pool. First the Duke took a dive and swam thirty feet under the water. He came up at the steps where the youngsters were sitting. They clapped their little hands in glee at their father's feat.

High and dry in their white slips little four-year-old Lady Montagu and little two-year-old Lord Mandeville were loath to make a trial of the water. It took ten minutes for the Duke to coax them down the steps. Then, after much persuasion, they hung their tiny pink toes in the water. Another ten minutes and they were in the shallow warm water, splashing it high over their father's head, utterly unmindful that he was of the British nobility. But he laughed and enjoyed himself as much as they did.

At this point our emotions overcame us. A real

duke! There is a lump in our throat at the thought of it. Sobs choke us.

And when the society reporter of the *World* talked this over with the society reporter of the *Times*, it must have been just too lovely for anything.

MODERN ANECDOTES.

By W. J. LAMPTON.

Reciprocity.

MR. H. H. ROGERS was reading a "History of Modern Grease," when we saw him at the offices of the S. O. Company, No. 26 Broadway, N. Y. City.

"Well," we remarked in a tone of kindly sympathy, "the pious people of this country are raising a pretty row over accepting Mr. Rockefeller's trifling tribute to a good cause, aren't they?"

"Indeed they are," he responded heartily. "And I can't understand why they say the money is evil. It's part of their own stuff that he has squeezed out of them in the past thirty years. By thunder, such inconsistency makes me tired."

Perceiving that the people needed enlightenment on a simple subject, we suggested that Mr. R. donate a few millions out of his next dividend for a Popular Education Fund.

Roosevelt in 1908.

THE President was throwing somersaults across the White House lawn, which is more strenuous than throwing a baseball across the diamond.

"Mr. President, would you accept the nomination in



"HOW KITTENISH MISS TABBY SEEMS."

"YES—SHE MUST BE GETTING INTO HER NINTH CHILDHOOD."



GOING TO SCHOOL.

1908 if it were tendered to you?" we asked, as he mopped his majestic dome of thought after the exertion.

"My dear boy," he replied with affectionate earnestness, "didn't I say in 1904 that I would not? And did you ever hear of a man in politics changing his views in four years?"

Realizing for the first time the immutability of the immutable, we thanked him profoundly for his efforts in putting us right, and politely retired.

The Lawson Lapse.

 $M^{\mathrm{R.\ THOMAS\ W.\ LAWSON}}$ was busily building one of his copper-bottomed bursts of boodle-banging brilliance as we entered his office.

"Ah, good morning, Tom," we cried in our well-known affable manner, "the public seems to have had all it wants of your Frenzied Finance stuff, doesn't it?"

"The public be d—d," he replied, with such volcanic violence that a copy of the magazine bounced clear off the desk and fell at our feet with a dull thud.

Realizing that he was quoting an eminent authority, we accepted his statement and asked him if Standard Oil was a safe buy.

Prosecuting the Beef Trust.

J. OGDEN ARMOUR, the Chicago Boss of the Beef Bunch, was milking his cow in the back yard, as we slipped through a crack in the fence where a board had been knocked off, and approached him.

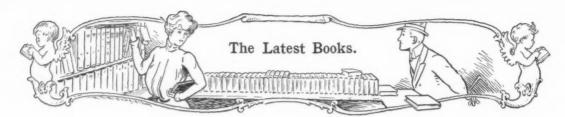
"Hello, Og," we said in our neighborly fashion, "how's the Trust this morning?"

"Busted," he replied, playfully squirting a stream of the lacteal at our right eye, "and if you get any more milk here, you'll have to pay cash for it. See?"

Firmly believing that more drastic measures were necessary to suppress the evil, we hastened to telegraph President Roosevelt to get a gun.

Stunted.

- "WHAT'S the matter with that little Cuban baby?
 He looks below par."
- "Yes; modern science did it."
- "How's that?"
- "Oh, he was brought up on sterilized cigars."





MARGARET POT-TER has cast aside the partial veil of an antique and alien setting, with which she has heretofore somewhat idealized her eroticism. The Fire of Spring is a story of recent times in Chicago, a story frankly realistic, a story which a large number of excellent people not given to fine distinctions will unhesitatingly call malodorous. Yet it is the most genuine thing that Mrs. Black has written, and the one that goes deepest into life. It is no superficial drama, put together by a

weaver of sensational plots, but a tragedy enacted by living men and women, the well-springs of whose weaknesses are laid bare to us, and it has the saving grace that its interest is the interpretation, not the exploiting, of sin.

Of all the treasures of the childish imagination, nothing ever quite equaled the Wishing Carpet. Cinderella's coach and six were quick. The Seven League Boots were quicker. But the Wishing Carpet was instantaneous and one had not to wait for an answer. Who has not traveled by the Carpet Express? E. Nesbit, in whose clever pen there is a touch of Lewis Carroll, offers a few personally-conducted excursions in *The Phænix and the Carpet*, which are worth any kid's taking.

The name of Arthur Colton is one whose appearance on the cover of a new book warrants the pleasant hope of a distinct individuality. He always has something to say, but he never shouts. He is humorous, but he neither cracks jokes nor forges epigrams. He is never twice alike, but he is always Arthur Colton. His latest book, *The Belted Seas*, is quite in character. It is a sailor's yarn, spun of an afternoon in an old tavern on Long Island Sound to a company worthy of Dickens.

A society play with a traditional seventeenth century flavor, a plot transparently conventional, characters whose rôles are recognized at their initial appearance, an affair of costumes, diction and dialogue—such is Mary Imlay Taylor's novel, *My Lady Clancarthy*. On the other hand, it moves quickly, the dialogue is good without effort, and the

story is told with a certain enthusiastic élan, which for the necessary moment is contagious.

The Summit House Mystery, by L. Dougall, suggests collaboration between William Black and Wilkie Collins; at least this somewhat startling statement gives a just notion of the book's nature and effectiveness. Its background is a series of beautiful word-pictures of the mountains of northern Georgia, and the story itself turns on the solving of a mystery, which is as completely mystifying, and proves to be as utterly simple, as real mysteries generally do. It must, presumably, be called a detective story, but it eschews detectives and does not even drag in by the heels an extraneous love theme.

Spring fiction pays its respects to the Minnesota wheat belt in *The Prize to the Hardy*, by Alice Winter, a tankplay novel of refined setting, in which romantic rescues, daring deeds and forest fires tread on each other's heels with a quiet air of matter of course. The book is well written and readable.

The Freedom of Life is a treatise by Annie Payson Call upon what may be called hygienic philosophy, or the bearing upon health of hurry, worry and their cognates. The subject is one of the required studies in the curriculum of self-control, and a little primer such as this may prove suggestively helpful to beginners, although in places the author shows a tendency to develop an esoteric vocabulary of her own, which is unnecessary, and hence unfortunate.

J. B. Kerjoot.

The Fire of Spring, By Margaret Potter. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

The Phænix and the Carpet. By E. Nesbit. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Belted Seas. By Arthur Colton. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

My Lady Clancarthy. By Mary Imlay Taylor. (Little, Brown & Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

The Summit House Mystery. By L. Dougall. (The Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.50.)

The Prize to the Hardy. By Alice Winter. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

The Freedom of Life. By Annie Payson Call. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.25.)

Sure Thing.

- TEACHER: A miracle is going against the natural order of things. Are miracles performed to-day?
- BRIGHT BOY: Yes'm.
- "Name one."
- "Well, mamma says that papa is always turning night into day."



THE **IMMORTALS** SAY OF US

IFE looks cheerful." "LIFE is real."

"LIFE is most enjoyed."

"I love LIFE better than figs."

"In small proportion we just beauties see, And in short measures Life may perfect be."

"LIFE is of a mingled yarn."

"LIFE is a fairy-tale." Hans Christian Andersen,

"LIFE, which all creatures love; yea, a boon to all." Edwin Arnold.

"It is LIFE, and LIFE is cause for praise."

"LIFE, I'm sure, was in the right."

Coleridge. Longfellow.

Young.

Shakespeare.

Ben Jonson.

Shakespeare.

Susan Coolidge.

Cowley.

"LIFE does its mighty effort without fail."

"LIFE is true to the poles of nature."

Emerson. "LIFE is like a play." Ben Jonson.

"This Life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain." Longfellow.

"LIFE is good." Owen Meredith.

"One crowded hour of glorious Life is worth an age." Scott.

"LIFE lives only in success." Bayard Taylor.

"Behold, fond man!

"So LIFE we praise."

See here thy pictured LIFE."

Thomson. Waller.

George Eliot.

Peace on Earth.

Every German warship launched is one guaranty more for peace on earth. - Der Kaiser.



NATURALLY, the only peace which the cultivated conscience of to-day will tolerate is the peace which imperils no vested rights. The somewhat celebrated peace which passeth all understanding, the peace which should come of men and nations alike doing as

they would be done by, this is quite out of the question, because (if for no other reason) it would have a tendency to deprive hereditary princes and potentates of the job to which long prescription entitles them.

In the meantime, where the other cheek is sheathed in brass and studded with spikes, it is turned with vastly more effect than where it is wholly unsophisticated. It is the soft answer to which the big stick gives paipable irony that really does things to wrath.

Placed.

"Have you named your school?"
"Yes, I call it the Society for the Suppression of Human Impulses."

THE HEIRESS: What is your idea of a man of honor?

THE COUNT (throwing out his chest): Eet is von who vill pay hees vine beel and card debts even eef he 'as to marry in order to get zee money.





Here is an epitaph written on Barrymore by Wilton Lackage during a gambol at the Lambs' Club:

He talked beneath the stars, He slept beneath the sun;

He led the life of going to do,

And he died with nothing done.

-Argonaut.

PLEA OF DEFENDANT.

The Judge of one of the Missouri county courts, according to the Kansas City Journal, went to his home the other afternoon, and, becoming acquainted with some flagrant act of his seven-year-old son, summoned the lad before him.

"Now, sir, lay off your coat," he said, sternly. "I am going to give you a whipping that you will remember as long as you live."

"If it please your Honor," said the boy, "we desire to ask a stay of the proceedings in this case until we can prepare and file a change of venue to mother's court. Our application will be based on the belief that this court has formed an opinion regarding the guilt of the defendant which cannot be shaken by evidence, and is therefore not competent to try the

Stay was granted, and the boy allowed 25 cents attorney fee.-New York Daily Tribune.

THE MILLCREEK PHILOSOPHER

The summer girl is known by the number of resorts she haunts.

It is human to be unreasonable. It is folly to attempt to give a reason for it.

It is a strenuous and a popular statesman who wins a victory over his forgettery of promises.

Worth makes the man, but not always his success. True charity never cools because of its constant activity .- Commercial Tribune.

Now it came to pass in the year set down in the almanac as 1905 that a certain man in a certain place bethought him to rise up and kneel down and dig unto himself one of those things called in the vulgar tongue a garden.

And, lo! the name of this man was Legion, and he was seen of many in divers and sundry backyards, digging mightily for many evenings.



THE CONTORTIONETTIST.

And it came to pass that when he had made an end of digging, and had done poking seeds into the mud, that he sat him down in the kitchen and applied oil to exceeding many and great blisters on his paws.

And as he did so he looked out on the rumpled mud, and saw his neighbor's hens carefully picking

up the seeds and stowing them away for reference in time to come.

Then he rose in great wrath and went out and said great, big, wicked words.

And his neighbor laughed like unto the merry hyena of the wide, rolling plains from whence cometh the blizzard.

Now this did not delight the soul of the certain man, and he paid \$5 unto a man of the law to find out that it would cost at least \$50 to make his neighbor keep his dadblamed hens at home.

Whereat the certain man repented him of ever planting a garden, and went and did likewise no more. - Detroit News.

HAD QUITE ENOUGH.

A very subdued-looking boy of about twelve years of age, with a long scratch on his nose and an air of general dejection, went to the master of one of the Board schools and handed him a note from his mother before taking his seat and becoming deeply absorbed in a book:

The note read as follows:

"Mr. Brown,-Please excuse James for not being present yesterday. He played trooant, but you don't need to thrash him for it, as the boy he played trocant with an' him fell out, an' the boy fought him, an' a man they throo at caught him an' thrashed him, an' the driver of a cart they hung on to thrashed him allso. Then his father thrashed him, an' I had to give him another one for being impoodent to me for telling his father, so you need not thrash him until next time. He thinks he better keep in school in future.' -Tit-Bits.

HIS PREFERENCE.

BENEVOLENT PARTY: What will you be when you grow up, my little man?

THE LITTLE MAN: I wants to be one of dem mutts what alters your face.

"Ah! a dermatologist."

"Not much-a prize-fighter."-Washington Even-

Life is published every. Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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Better than Drugs. The Essence of Nature.

Evans' Ale

Makes Blood and Sinew.

A Liquid Food.

Established 1860

150 Varieties

ESTERBROOK'S Steel Pens

Sold Everywhere

The Best Pens Made

"Defender of the Rails-The New York Central."-Herald.



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Waltham-Orient Model de Luxe, 20 H.P., \$2,250. Other Models, \$1,500, \$1,650, \$2,000.

*Waltham-Orients are air-cooled, because of the simplicity, reliability, and lessened cost that goes with air-cooling.

The same horse-power gives you ten miles greater speed than water-cooling.

Four cylinders under the hood in line with the car's length cooled by a fan--always.

Direct drive and bevelled gear render other systems antiquated.

Transmission by sliding gear, now nearly universal.

Don't try to get along without $\underline{\text{three}}$ forward speeds.

The frame needs a sub-frame.

Waltham-Orients combine beauty and strength.

Tires last one-third longer on an air-cooled car.

A long advertisement is worth reading if it aids the buyer in selecting the best automobile.

We began business in 1893; by 1901 we had discarded water-cooling for air-cooling. 3,000 satisfactory air-cooled motors since then, with many manufacturers following—20 this year—lots more next year. Air-cooling gets rid of 350 lbs. of cumbersome, "freezy," leaky, water-circulating apparatus. Air-cooling dispenses with the high-priced chauffeur, if you don't want him. It saves in first cost and extra repairs made necessary by the extra weight.

A 20 h.p. Waltham-Orient saves 350 lbs, weight, just as though you had dropped that much overboard. The lighter and stronger air-cooled car goes farther and faster on smaller repair bills, and less gasolene. It climbs hills at a higher speed, as weight equal to two heavy passengers is saved.

Some air-cooled makers use these features on their highest priced cars. **Every** Waltham-Orient touring car has them this year. Lining up the four cylinders does away with great stress on the chassis, reducing vibration to a minimum. A fan means successful air-cooling. The motor often runs when the car doesn't.

Powerful cars, 35 h.p. and upwards, drive by a short chain on either side of the axle, but for lower-powered cars every one of the best makers uses a direct drive with bevelled gears, midway between the wheels on the rear axle. Some makers save money by substituting long chains in their cheap cars—but not the Waltham-Orient makers.

Changing speed by complicated planetary transmission has been replaced on all high class cars by sliding gears—the planetary was dropped because it was unreliable and did not wear well. All the Waltham-Orients have sliding gear transmission.

Even if you buy a car of 16 h.p. or less, don't be content with two forward speeds. You cannot take a steep hill on the high speed; and you don't want to crawl up on the low speed. If you buy a Waltham-Orient you have an intermediate speed for the heavy grades.

Waltham-Orients have the motor and transmission hung on a sub-frame. This protects the mechanism and keeps it in line, whatever happens to the frame itself.

Just write on a postal, "Send your Style Book."

The tire is the weak spot of even the best automobiles. Remember this—every 100 pounds of excess weight increases the liability to puncture 10%. Figure what this means on 350 pounds.

* Our touring cars, formerly simply called "Orients," will hereafter be known as "Waltham-Orients," to distinguish them from our line of light cars called "Orient Buckboards."

WALTHAM MANUFACTURING CO., 44 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK CITY. FACTORY, WALTHAM, MASS.



FALSE MEASUREMENTS.

A study of men rather clearly reveals
Of truth this significant sprig:
A man may be fully "as young as he feels,"
But it's seldom he's truly as big.

—Saturday Evening Post.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

"Uncle Russell Sage certainly is a clever old gentleman."

"In what way?"

"He doesn't give any assemblage of finical clergymen the chance to question the cleanliness of his money."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

TO A TEN-INCH GUN.

On life's great stage may your dread art

Re hidden to the last;
And may you never play the part

For which you have been cast.

—Saturday Evening Post.

A BUSINESS INTERRUPTION.

An Excited Voice: Hello, hello, is this the city editor? Well, one of your men down here at this fire has fallen down the elevator-shaft and is very badly hurt.

BUSY CITY EDITOR: Never mind; I'll send down another.—Commercial-Tribune.

In a pinch-use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A HUMAN RATTLER.

The baby had swallowed two buttons, a dime, and three marbles.

For a moment his optimistic father seemed a trifle disheartened. But presently he regained his equapunity.

"It saves me the expense of buying a rattle for him," he chuckled, as he dandled the infant on his knee.—Cloveland Plain Dealer.

To those for whom "the best is none too good" the celebrated Divine fishing rod offers the finest and most unalloyed sport in the world. Light and supple, with a tensile strength simply astounding. Send for catalog. Fred. D. Divine Co., Utica, N. Y.

WHERE DANGER LURKS.

The learned who in ten languages
Can voice their thoughts still run
More risks than those who know enough
To hold their tongues in one.

—Saturday Evening Post.

"How in tarnation did you get the President to appoint you to such a high office, when he was not even acquainted with you?"

"Sh! When I went to the inauguration I borrowed our orphan asylum to take along, and told Teddy it was part of my family."—Chicago News.

The best is none too good for a discriminating sportsman. That's the reason why you'll find more Smith Hammerless Shotguns, with a Hunter One-trigger, in the hands of men who know what's what than any other make. Send for illustrated catalogue. Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y.

HE WAS SAFE.

A teacher in one of the public schools asked a little Irish boy why he had been absent a day, to which the youth replied:

"My mother had the mumps, and I had to go and get the doctor?"

"But don't you know that the mumps is catching,

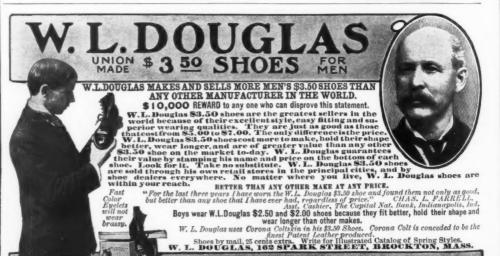
Johnny?"

"Yes: but this is my step-mother, and she neve

"Yes; but this is my step-mother, and she never gives me anything."—New York Tribune.











the creation par excellence of the nation.

Spring styles now ready.

Agencies in all the principal cities in the world.

FOR SALE-MISSOURI FARMS

1,200 acres, fine combination grain and stock farm, highly improved, splendid location, also smaller farms in sizes to suit. Write for State map, illustrated booklet and weather report: sent free.

BAZEL J. MEEK, - - CHILLICOTHE, MO.



PÈRES CHARTREUX

-GREEN AND YELLOW-

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS (PÈRES CHARTREUS) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE. THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS THE BOTTLE AND LABEL EMPLOYED IN THE PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE SINCE THE MONKS' EXPULSION FROM FRANCE, AND IT IS NOW KNOWN AS LIQUEUR FÈRES CHARTREUX (THE MONKS, HOWEVER, STILL RETAIN THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO USE THE OLD BOTTLE AND LABEL AS WELL), DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS BELLICIOUS NECTAR.

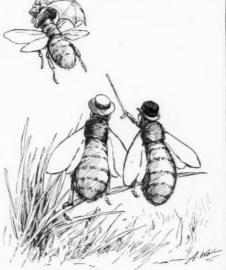
At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés. Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y., Sole Agents for United States.

YOUMANS



Youmans Hats are instantly discernible anywhere by their subtle air of correctness.

1107 Broadway (Madison Sq. West.) 536 Fifth Avenue (near 44th St.) 158 Broadway (near Liberty St.)



Drawn by A. Weil.

- "ISN'T SHE SWEET?"
- "YES, INDEED-A HUMMER."
- "CUT ME ONCE, YOU KNOW."
- "I RECOLLECT, YOU FELT THE STING OF UNREQUITED LOVE."
- "EXACTLY, HAD SHE ACCEPTED ME I'D BEEN IN CLOVER,"

Getting Older.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY says that he was summoned as a witness in a case tried in an Indiana court where one of the witnesses before him evinced some disinclination to state her age.

"Is it very necessary?" coyly asked the witness, a spinster of uncertain age.

"It is absolutely necessary, madam," interposed the Judge.

"Well," sighed the maiden, "if I must I suppose I must. I didn't see how it could possibly affect the case, for you see"—

"Madam," observed the Judge, with some asperity, "I must ask you not to further waste the time of this court. Kindly state your age."

Whereupon the spinster showed signs of hysterics.

"I am, that is, I was"-

"Madam, hurry up!" exclaimed the Judge, now thoroughly impatient. "Every minute makes it worse, you know!"—Detroit Journal.

BRIGHTON

CLASP GARTERS

Make All Men Comfortable





High Collar Quality Means Four-Ply

The highest grade of collars are always four-ply. It is the standard of serviceable weight and strength.

Few two-for-a-quarter collars have four-ply folds—cut up old ones and find out which have.

Corliss-Coon Collars are 2 for 25c, but four-ply always and in all styles.

Mark your collars every time they go to the laundry. Find out how much longer Corliss-Coon Collars wear than others.

Ask the best dealers for Corlins-Coon Collars. They have them or can get any style you desire in our make. If you are not willingly supplied, send your order to us with retail price. (2 for 250, stating style and size desired. Quarter

Sizes. Write for the book, "Better Collars." It shows the styles and tells why better collars.

Corliss, Coon & Co. 18 A Street, Troy, N. Y.







FREE SAMPLE and illustrated booklet, "An Ascent of Mont Blanc," upon request

LAMONT. CORLISS @ CO., Sole Importers, Dept. P, 78 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK



Old Answer, New Rejoinder.

EMIGH & STRAUB-Dept C.C.TROY, N.Y.

THERE had been some trouble over a line fence, and one of the participants was on trial for assault with a deadly weapon. The defendant, when the case seemed to be going against him, introduced as a witness a man of somewhat shady reputation, who swore that the plaintiff had provoked the fight-

The prosecuting attorney proceeded to crossexamine.

"Now, sir," he said, "you swore that you saw this fight from your house. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will ask you how far it is from your house to the spot where the fight took place?"

"It's fifty yards and about two feet." "Oh, you've measured it, have you?"

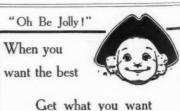
"Yes, sir."

"What did you do that for?"

"Well, I thought some fool lawyer would ask me the question, and I wanted to have it just right.'

The attorney rose.

"Your honor," he said to the judge, "I thought the witness would indulge in that time-honored bit of repartee, and I have been fool enough to find six reputable and competent witnesses who will testify that this man's house is nearly one hundred yards from the scene of the trouble, and is round the corner, where it would have been impossible for him to have seen what was going on. I ask that these men be sworn."-Youth's Companion.



Get what you want

The Best Ever. P. B. Ale

Acker, Merrall & Condit Co., Agents

Pints \$1.50 dozen

Dealers will be supplied



Segar Company

SELECTED SEGARS

Success lies in selection and choice selection means painstaking experience. A simple explanation of the fact that WALDORF-ASTORIA SEGARS are favorites with discriminating smokers.

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Livery in which the most fastidious find no flaw.

For coachmen, grooms and houseservants.

May we send a price list?

ROGERS, PEET & CO.,

258-842-1260 Broadway, (3 Stores) NEW YORK.



YOU like the uniformity of flavor in your favorite brand of cigars —how about your cocktails?

Are you going to accept any chance mixer's decoction, or order CLUB COCKTAILS? Their excellence has been attained through scientific blending and subsequent ageing to perfection. There is but one perfect brand—CLUB. Specify CLUB for your own satisfaction.

Seven kinds-Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London

A Genuine Bargain.

THE "mark-downs"—so he always said—at a department store

Were never really genuine—" just fakes and nothing more!"

But one glad day a "lady clerk" of whom he

But one glad day a "lady clerk" of whom he chanced to buy

A bill of goods quite won him by the sparkle of her eye.

She told him she was "twenty-three," and they were married soon,

But by the time the happy pair had spent their honeymoon

He deemed a bargain he had found at that department store;

He'd got a bride for "twenty-three, marked down from thirty-four!"

-Nixon Waterman, in Saturday Evening Post.



Drawn by Leppert.

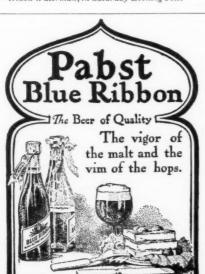
"G'WAN! IF ME FADDER WASN'T A COPPER I'D PUSH YOUR FACE IN."

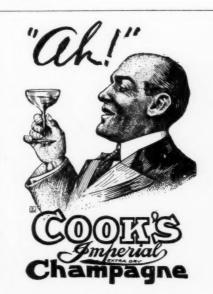
"Uncle Joe" and the Farmer.

SPEAKER CANNON is a great lover of green corn. He boards at the Arlington, and one day took one of his Illinois farmer constituents to dinner with him. Cannon made his dinner on green corn, eating seven ears. The farmer asked him how much he paid for board at the Arlington, and Cannon replied, "Six dollars a day."

"Well," said the farmer constituent, "Joe, don't you think it would be cheaper for you to board at a livery stable?"

-Kansas City Journal.









As a man is known by the company he keeps, so are smokers of

NESTOR

(NESTOR GIANACLIS, CAIRO)

CIGARETTES

recognized to be discriminating judges of all that goes to make perfection in cigarette construction.

SPECIALTY. - Twenty-two Carat Gold-Tipped "Queens" and "Kings."
Nothing in the market like them - quite unique.

A FACT.—The delicacy and flavor of Nestor Cigarettes are better retained when imported in larger packages. Order by the 50 or 100 (tin) of your dealer.

LEDGER, SONS & CO., Sole Importers, 20 Central St., Boston.



Ask For Garrick Club

At All Good Places

ALFRED E. NORRIS & CO., PHILA.

Main Thoroughfare to the

Lewis and Clark Exposition in 1905.

Will be via the UNION PACIFIC. This route gives you zoo miles along the matchless Columbia River and a trip to

PORTLAND AND THE NORTHWEST

WITHOUT CHANCE

Two Through Trains Daily.

Equipped with Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars, Free Reclining Chair Cars, etc., etc.

INQUIRE OF

E. L. LOMAX, C. P. & T. A. Omaha, Neb.

In the Soup.

A N American lady went into a French hairdresser's establishment in Berlin to get a shampoo. The proprietor was a tall, thin man, with all the grace and suavity of a dancing-master. He came forward in haste as the door opened.

"Ah, Madame weeshes a treatment for ze scalp. Oui, yes," said he, bowing low with a wide sweep of the hand.

"Yes, and I have my own notions about how it should be done," replied the lady. "Where do you keep your preparations, sir?"

"Ah, ze ingredients—they are here, Madame," said the artist, leading the way to a marble slab affixed to the wall at the back of the room, upon which there stood a long line of bottles and jars.

The lady recognized many of the preparations and thus regained much of her assurance.

"Is Madame ready?" asked the proprietor.

"No, wait, if you please. First, I want some of that," she said, pointing to a bottle.

The hairdresser nodded. "It ees my pleasure, Madame."

"And then you may rub in some of that." She pointed to a jar of a familiar lotion.

"Oui, zat will be excellent, Madame."

"Then a good rubbing with that," she went on, indicating an open bowl which contained a thin brown liquid.

"Mais, non!" cried the other. "Madame does not weesh it!"

"Yes, I do!" replied the lady sharply.

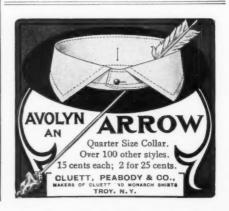
"But, Madame"-

"Do as I say, if you please," she interrupted in a vexed tone.

The proprietor shrugged his shoulders, but he did as he was bid. Everything went well except that the brown liquid did not smell just as she had expected, and produced a curious sensation of warmth as it was applied.

"Wasn't that brown liquid a shampoo mixture?" she asked with growing doubt as he finished.

"Non, Madame," he replied, politely; "I put it on because Madame inseests. But you see I was eating my—what you call it?—lunch when Madame came. Zis bowl contained my soup, Madame!"—Lippincott's Magazine.



Welch's Margaret Welch's Welch's Margaret Welch's Margare

THE rich, red blood of pure unfermented grapes, undoctored, just as it is pressed from the fruit. Has the "fruity flavor" and is both food and drink. Doctors say, "Grapes are a preventative of typhoid fever."

Soid by druggists and grocers in quart and pint tottles. Trial dozen pints 83. Express paid east of Omaha, Booklet with delicious recipes for beverages and desserts made from Velch's Grape Juice, free. Sample three-ounce bottle of Welch's Grape Juice by mail locents.

Welch Grape Julce Co. Westfield, N. Y.



TAKE-DOWN REPEATING SHOTGUNS

No matter how big the bird; no matter how heavy its plumage or swift its flight, you can bring it to bag with a long, strong, straight shooting Winchester Repeater loaded with Winchester Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells. Results are what count. This combination, which is within reach of everybody's pocket-book, always gives the best results in field, fowl or trap shooting. Winchester guns and Winchester cartridges are made for each other.

FREE: Send name and address on a postal card for our large illustrated catalogue.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY - N

NEW HAVEN, CONN.



FOLLOWING THE RACES.

Several True Bills.

IT is, of course, true that a jury, theoretically, is composed of a set of unprejudiced men, with open minds; still there may be occasion when a slight personal feeling invades their

Such was evidently the thought borne in upon the tailor who, rising to state his case, and having declined the services of a lawyer for reasons best known to himself, looked over the jurymen and then turned to the judge.

"It's no use for me to tell you about this case, your honor," he said, dejectedly, "not unless you dismiss that jury and get in a new lot. There isn't a man amongst 'em but what owes me something for clothes."—Youth's Combanion.

Unparalleled Achievement!

IMPORTATIONS IN 1904 OF

G.H. MUMM & CO.'S

CHAMPAGNE

131,330 GASES

The GREATEST quantity ever imported by any brand in the history of the Champagne trade.

Regarding Champagne Importations in 1904, Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular of Jan. 10, 1905, says:

"Messrs, Fredk, de Bary & Co. brought over last year to this side of the water a greater number of cases of Champagne than has ever hitherto been known, and these importations speak in the strongest terms of the great popular esteem in which G. H. MUMM & CO.'S Champagne is held on this continent."





TRAVEL in LUXURY

A Beautiful Souvenir

Before planning your Tour in England

PROCURE AND CAREFULLY READ THE CHARMING NEW WORK

"Historic Sites and Scenes of England"

PUBLISHED BY THE

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

(OF ENGLAND)

Original, concise, reliable and useful. Over 120 choice and original illustrations. Exclusive information, routes, maps, &c., of great interest to all classes of Travellers.

> Can be seen at the principal Libraries and Hotels, and obtained at a cost of 25c. at the various Bookstalls.

Also at: International Sleeping Car Co.'s Office, 281, Fifth Ave., New York
Messrs. Cook and Son's Office, 261 and 262, Broadway, New York Mr. Frank C. Clark's Office, 113, Broadway, New York

Equine Intelligence.

A BOSTON gentleman connected with the National Tube Works sends us the following, for the truth of which he vouches:

My friend was a ship-builder; his shipyard was some miles from his house, which distance he had to cover on horseback. He had a white horse that had served him long and faithfully in this capacity.

One day his horse fell, for some cause that I do not remember, and he was thrown to the ground and severely cut on the head.

He was unconscious for some time, and when he "came to" found the horse standing by him.

After a while he gathered himself up and attempted to mount the horse, but every time he tried fell back.

Finally the horse walked to the side of a large rock which stood near. The gentleman crawled along to it and after hard work got on the horse, and then the horse walked slowly and carefully home with him, the rider being in a semi-conscious condition. The family removed him from the horse on his arrival home and put him to bed. He was a long while recovering from this accident, and one day when convalescing, the horse, being brought to the window where the gentleman sat, showed unmistakable signs of pleasure at seeing his master once more. The gentleman is still living and can corroborate this true horse story.-American Agriculturist.

Wished No Tainted Wealth.

I HOPE you won't spend that penny for rum," said the charitable old lady.

"Madam, I won't," responded Tired Tiffins. "Dat is, unless I find de money is tainted on account of your bein' a trust stock owner."-Houston (Texas) Post.

The Joke That Failed.

WE turn to the solemn stranger at our side and read to him the gleeful jest about the Russian general whose name was shot all to pieces in one of the battles.

Observing his evident failure to comprehend the witticism, we go into details.

"You see," we say, "his name was Sobrikotoffskivitchileffobobolitskedoochywichoof, and when the battle began he was in an exposed position and his name was shot to bits."

Still the stranger does not smile.

Petulantly we go over the story again, dwelling with emphasis upon each point, and ending with a hilarious outburst of laughter.

Notwithstanding all this the stranger remains impassive.

"You are not familiar with humor?" we ask at last.

"No," he responds graciously. "I am merely a tourist here. I am from Llllwwncdddyyyffwyllyllcwdbrwywll, Wales, and my name is Gwyllwwllwyffdcwdbrwdwlsmwthfwlwwwwwfffffllllrwltwn,"-Tit-Bits.



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For Hair A Thousand Dollars

How often have you heard the remark, "I will give any man a thousand dollars who can make hair grow on my head." So far as we know, there is but one method that will induce hair growth, and that is the Vacuum Process.

We have proved conclusively that for every live follicle a reasonable use of our Appliance will develop a healthy and natural hair.

Our Guarantee

We will send you by prepaid express an Evans Vacuum Cap to use thirty days, and all we ask of you is to deposit the price of the Appliance in any bank in Saint Louis during the trial period, subject to your own order.

If you do not cultivate a sufficient growth of hair within this time to convince you that this method is effective, simply notify the bank and they will return your deposit.

The effect of the vacuum is pleasant and exhilarating. It gives the scalp vigorous exercise without rubbing, and induces free and active circulation without the use of drugs or lotions.

EVANS VACUUM CAP CO. 454 Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

After 1,000 Years are you one of those who still use the uncomfortable, unhealthful old-fashioned closet? After ten centuries of mistakes the

NATURO



the closet with the slant, is revolutionising the world. The only sort of construction that is ACTUALLY comfortable, healthful, cleanly.

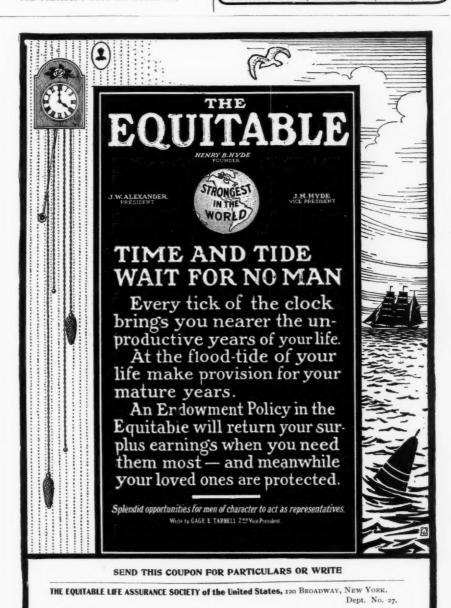
Progressive physicians and leading architects are profoundly interested and endorse Naturo closets. Booklet 7, illustrated, with full details, free on request. THE NATURO CO., Salem, N.J.



THE PRESIDENT GETS HIS DUTCH UP.



Everybody knows "Corticelli" is the best silk for sewing, stitching, crocheting, art needlework, Mountmellick and Hardanger embroidery. Send 4c. in stamps for our booklet, "Lessons in Embroidery." Address
Corticelli Silk Mills, 46 Nonotuck St., Florence, Mass.



Please send me information regarding an Endowment for \$.....issued to a man ... years of age,

Address.....



"Standard" Ware is the only equipment for modern bathrooms which meets every requisite of absolute sanitation, beauty of design, quality and low cost. Its installation guarantees health to the home, luxury and comfort to the bathroom, and an added value to the property.

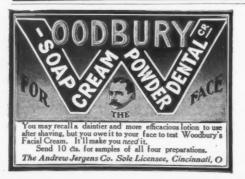
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Journalism in Russia.

THE censorship in Russia is so acute at the present time that the following fanciful sketch, taken from the Novoye Vremya, will be of interest:

Scene: Office of the editor of a "great" political and literary and popular daily. The editor is gloomy and has a weary, resigned air. His secretary stands beside him and submits "copy" for next day's paper.

"Here is an item on a conference of workmen employed in the X factory."

"Send it to the governor-general for examination," says the editor, dryly.

"Here is an account of the meeting of the city council."

"To the censor of the mayor!"

"An article on the carrying capacity of the Siberian Railroad."

"To the military censor."

"A report of the zemstvo meeting of this province."

"To the governor for examination."

"Some illustrations for our supplement."

"To the different censors, according to the character of the illustrations."

"Here is an item about a scandal in a justice court."

"Kill it; the mayor has asked by telephone to make no reference to the affair."

At this moment the doorkeeper enters and says that the "general bureau on the press" wants to talk to the editor on the 'phone. The editor takes up the receiver, listens and says to his secretary: "Make a note to the effect that we are not to reprint the item about that flogging case in the school." Then, dropping the receiver, "What else have you got?"

"A letter from the Ural about a disease that looks like"."—

"To the censor of the plague commission."

"A telegram from Oriel about cholera"—
"To the censor of the medical department."

"Here is a communication from A. on the zemstvo meeting there; the local censor's O. K. is on the article."

"Not enough; send it to the Interior Ministry."

"An article on labor unions in Switzerland"—

"Let me have it; will look it over. By the way, let me see the bound volume of ministerial circulars. Come to think of it, there is something in one of those confidential circulars about such things."

The secretary retires; but returns shortly, greatly agitated. "I can not find the volume of circulars, sir," he says; "can not imagine what became of it."

The editor is stunned. He grows pale, then red. "What, in the name of Satan, do you mean? Do you wish to cut my throat? How can I edit a paper without the book of circulars? Can I carry them all in my head? Now, what shall we do?"

The doorkeeper enters and brings a fresh circular from the general press bureau of the ministry. The editor sighs. "What? Another one? Good heavens!"—Translation made for The Literary Digest.

Sol

Prawn by J. M. Flagg.

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